

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

**A Bi-Monthly Journal Devoted to Politics, Public Law, Economics,
and Sociology.**

The March number contained :

ETHICAL TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,	Charles De Garmo.
THEORY OF VALUE,	F. von Weiser.
BASIS OF INTEREST,	Dwight M. Lowry.
PARTY GOVERNMENT. II.,	Charles Richardson.
PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION,	J. R. Commons.
STATE AND THE LIGHTING CORPORATIONS,	W. S. Allen.
ELECTRIC STREET LIGHTING IN CHICAGO,	M. A. Mikkelsen.
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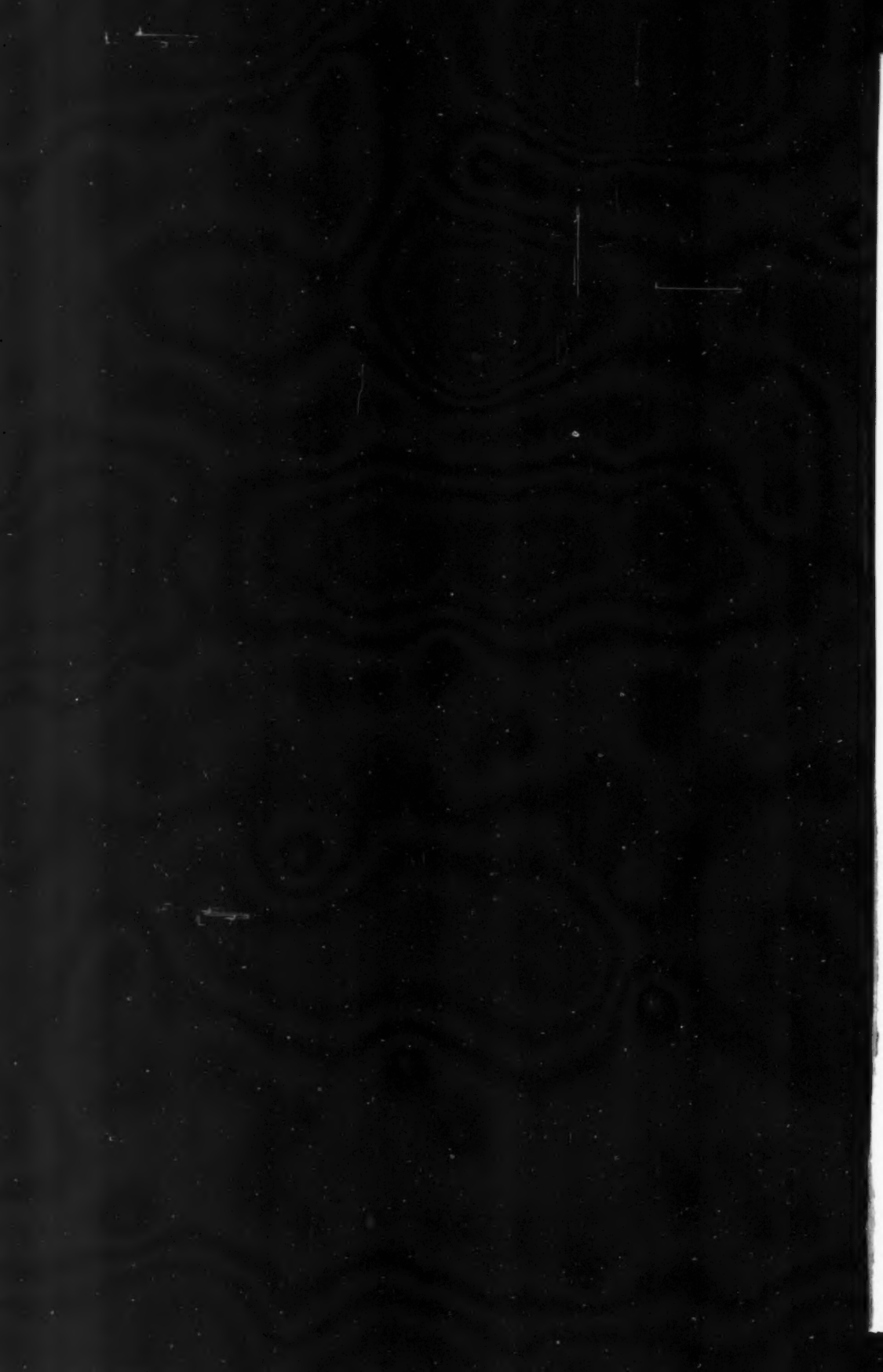
In the May number the Australian Ballot System will be discussed. One article will explain the Massachusetts system, and another the Pennsylvania law, which has as yet been untried.

These are but a few of the living questions which are being treated in the ANNALS. In this journal all the theories which are prominent to-day in Political Science, Economics, Sociology, and Public Law are discussed in a scientific manner by the men who are the leaders in these sciences.

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THE BRIDAL WREATH.

IN MEMORIAM

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVON-
DALE.

BORN, JAN. 8, 1864. DIED, JAN. 14, 1892.

"I thought thy bridal to have deck'd . . .
And not have strew'd thy grave,"

Hamlet.

BUT yesterday it seems,
That, dreaming loyal dreams,
Punch, with the people, genially rejoiced
In that betrothal wreath; *
And now relentless Death
Silences all the joy our hopes had voiced.

The shadow glides between;
The garland's vernal green
Shrivels to greyness in its spectral hand.
Joy-bells are muffled, mute,
Hushed is the bridal lute,
And general grief darkens across the land.

Surely a hapless fate
For young hearts so elate,
So fired with promise of approaching bliss!
Oh, flowers we hoped to fling!
Oh, songs we thought to sing!
Prophetic fancy had not pictured this.

Young, modest, scarce yet tried,
Later he should have died,
This gentle youth, loved by our widowed
queen!
So we are apt to say,
Who only mark the way,
Not the great goal by all but Heaven unseen.

At least our tears may fall
Upon the untimely pall
Of so much frustrate promise, unreprieved;
At least our hearts may bear
In her great grief a share,
Who bows above the bier of him she loved.

Princess, whose brightening fate
We gladly hymned of late,
Whose nuptial happiness we hoped to hymn
With the first bursts of spring,
To you our hearts we bring
Warm with a sympathy death cannot dim.

Death, cold and cruel Death,
Removes the bridal wreath
England for England's daughter had designed.
Love cannot stay that hand,
And Hymen's rosy band
Is rent; so will the Fates austere and blind.

Blind and austere! Ah, no!
The chill succeeds the glow,
As winter hastes at summer's hurrying heel.
Flowers, soft and virgin-white,
Meant for the bride's delight,
May deck the pall where love in tears must
kneel.

* See Cartoon, "England, Home, and Beauty!"
p. 295, December 19, 1891.

Flowers are they, blossoms still,
Born of Benignant Will,
Not of the Sphingian Fate which hath no heed
For human smiles or tears;
The long-revolving years
Have brought humanity a happier creed.

Prince-sire of the young dead,
Mother whose comely head
Is bowed above him in so bitter grief;
Betrothed one, and bereaved,
Queen who so oft hath grieved, —
Ye all were nurtured in this blest belief.

Hence is there comfort still,
In a whole land's good-will,
In hope that pallid spectre shall not slay.
The unwelcome hand of Death
Closes on that white wreath;
But there is that Death cannot take away!
Punch.

THE DEAD PRINCE.

LIKE alabaster now he lies
With folded hands in dreamless sleep;
While watchful eyes a vigil keep,
And vocal is the air with sighs.

He was a prince, is now a king,
His crown complete, his spirit free;
For Heaven sometimes shows rivalry
With angels of an earthly wing.

So she who was to be a bride
Now lies a heap of shattered hope;
Her tear-stained hands in darkness grope
To find God's light at eventide.

Nor shall she seek the gift in vain,
If Faith's bright pinions be not torn;
A golden mist will bring the morn
When God's round sun will shine again.

Lord of the day! the night is thine,
With all its stars and planets bright;
The earth is but one little light;
Inspire in us the faith divine.

G. HUNT JACKSON.

ON THE DEATH OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF
CLARENCE.

DEATH, jealous of Life's light and joy,
Put forth his hand to smite;
Triumphant Death could but destroy
The lamp but not the light.

The joy is gone, the love is left
Sole treasure of the bride bereft;
Shine love undimmed in sorrow's night;
Death cannot quench this purest light.
Academy. BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

From The National Review.

THE GREATNESS OF PITT.

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium
 Non vultus instantis tyranni
 Mente quatiit solida.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "Life of Mr. Pitt" is one of the best books of its kind. It is wholly free from any taint of party spirit; though the author would be more than mortal if he did not occasionally betray the presence of political sympathies not exactly in harmony with the idiosyncrasy of his hero. He penetrates to the heart of his subject when he tells us that Pitt's title to fame rests rather on his character than his actions, rather on his moral greatness than the splendor of his genius, though he thinks that as a war minister he has been greatly underrated; and he winds up with a generous tribute to the purity of his patriotism, and the dauntless intrepidity with which he carried out its dictates. Pitt's imperial intellect, intolerant of mediocrity, made him to some extent unpopular within the limited circle of which the political world then consisted. But the nation at large saw in him only the godlike man described by the Roman poet, unmoved amid a thousand dangers, superior to all calamities, and finally teaching his country how to "save herself by her exertions, and to save Europe by her example." This is the Pitt that Lord Rosebery sets before us, and as much praise is due to the style as to the matter of his volume. He has a natural literary grace which a little cultivation would raise to a high level of excellence, while throughout we are conscious of that nameless charm which tells us that we are in the presence of a mind of no ordinary depth and strength.

Pitt may be considered under three heads: in reference to his principles, to his policy, and to his character. As we look back upon the history of the last two hundred years, we see that Pitt is one of three great statesmen who since the revolution of 1688 have marked distinct epochs in our parliamentary and party history. For some time after the accession of the house of Hanover, party government remained on a very indeterminate footing.

It was still uncertain whether it would finally take the shape which William the Third would have impressed upon it, or the form which it ultimately assumed under the Whig oligarchy. Walpole settled this question. Under him, party government fell into a groove in which it worked for the best part of a century. Discipline was enforced, and the authority of leaders was extended. After Walpole's time, though the experiment was often tried, it was never again possible to govern "without distinction of party," never again possible to revive the system of Godolphin.

But, while the party system was thus acquiring consistency and cohesion, the sovereigns of the new dynasty were gradually waking up to the fact that it was encroaching on their own prerogative and reducing the crown to a cypher. The Whig boroughmongers had learned their own strength, and were determined to exercise it. George the Second and Carteret, George the Second and Chatham, made ineffectual struggles to throw off the yoke of party, and to rely on merit only for securing the support of the House of Commons. But it was all in vain. The struggle was continued by George the Third with varying success, till at length a fatal error on the part of the oligarchy placed them at his mercy. He seized his opportunity, like Wellington at Salamanca, and inflicted a defeat on his opponents, from which it took them half a century to recover. The young hero to whom he gave the chief command was Pitt. But Pitt was a born statesman, far too able and clear-sighted to attempt anything so fantastic as the realization of the patriot king, on which George the Third's boyhood had been nurtured. He saw well enough that the party system was too firmly established to be overthrown. The question was how to bring the prerogative into harmony with it, so as to secure to the sovereign the right to choose his own ministers, and to exercise a substantive voice in the government of the country, without making him independent of the majority of the House of Commons. Pitt solved this problem. It is his distinction to have found a *modus vivendi* for prerog-

ative and Parliament, for personal government and party government, which existed in full force down to the Reform Bill of 1832, and made a brief attempt to reassert itself two years afterwards. This was his work. There was to be no attempt to govern without party, or to discredit party organization. But the king was to name the ministers whom he chose to employ, and his will was to be taken into account in deciding on the policy of the government. It was to remain a latent, but not a dormant, power in the constitution. What the king would say was a question which the ministry and the House of Commons were always to be obliged to ask themselves when any important measure was in contemplation. It is difficult to define such a system. It was impossible to base it upon any distinct rules. It must be worked, if at all, through a general understanding having regard to the popular judgment which had been given in favor of the crown. Protests against it were from time to time renewed by the Whig party. But it continued to be recognized and regularly acted upon down to the period we have mentioned; and when in 1827 there was an aristocratic combination to keep Mr. Canning out of office, and the king was threatened with the opposition of the Tory oligarchy, Mr. Canning decided him at once by appealing to the example of his father. On the 3rd April, 1827, Canning wrote to Croker that if the king were obliged to give way, "then had George the Third reigned, and Mr. Pitt and his father administered the government, in vain."

Thus the great Tory victory of 1783 ended in a compromise, which forms the second landing-place in the history of party. Pitt wrested from the Whig oligarchy the powers and prerogatives which they had appropriated to themselves during the last fifty years, and this was so much clear gain to the crown. But he let George the Third understand that the policy of the government must, as a rule, be determined by the prime minister, and not by himself, as had been the case under Lord North. It has been said that Pitt always called himself a Whig. But so, be it remembered, did George the Third call

himself. So did almost everybody in Pitt's childhood. The Jacobites were defunct. The old Tory party so well described by Lord Shelburne, the party of Wyndham and Barnard and Bromley, had never taken very kindly to Leicester House, and, with the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, had lost whatever rallying point it afforded them. The only Tories whom the new generation knew anything about were men of the Bute stamp. Pitt could not call himself a Tory of that kind, nor yet of the type of Lord North. He was obliged to call himself a Whig to differentiate himself from these. But Pitt created a new party for himself, which embodied the essential principle of Toryism, the maintenance of the prerogative at its proper level in the Constitution, while throwing off the abuses with which Bute and North had associated it. All the world called it the Tory party, and the creator and leader of it a Tory. In process of time the Tory oligarchy, demoralized by long possession of power, had contracted some of the worst vices of the Whig oligarchy. But Canning was the depository of the Pitt tradition and what was the essence of Whiggism was only the accident of Toryism.

The second stage of party government inaugurated by Pitt came to an end with the Reform Bill, and the minister who started it on its fresh course was Sir Robert Peel. The natural consequences of substituting for the old Tory party, which represented a method of government, a new Conservative party which represented existing institutions, was the division of parties into the destructive and defensive. Down to 1830 the pure Tory party was not essentially more *conservative* than the Whigs. Peel changed all this, having, in fact, no alternative, and arranged the two forces against each other on the footing which they still occupy.

Walpole, Pitt, and Peel, then, were the three ministers who mark the three changes through which the party system has passed, or rather, perhaps, the three stages of its existence, from the reign of George the First to our own time—the oligarchical, the monarchical, and the

democratic. Pitt was the statesman who reconciled party with monarchy and the independence of the House of Commons with the freedom of the sovereign. If we are to have monarchy at all, such, I think, are the conditions under which it shows to most advantage; and this was the work of Mr. Pitt. Peel succeeded for a time in reconciling party with democracy. But signs are not wanting that this phase, also, after lasting nearly as long as the previous one, is gradually approaching its termination.

Pitt's policy, whether foreign or domestic, is quite another question. Lord Rosebery is an admirer of Pitt's finance, and believes in the soundness of the sinking fund. His commercial doctrines he, of course, applauds. And he might have added what Sir George Cornewall Lewis has told us of Pitt's contemplated reforms. "His policy was founded on the continuance of peace. We have reason to know that he, an early disciple of Adam Smith, contemplated at this time a larger measure of free trade than the national debt accumulated during the subsequent war now permits; we mean an abolition of all customs duties, and a limitation of the national income to internal taxation." * Of Pitt's India Bill, Lord Rosebery says little, except that it effected a settlement which endured for three-quarters of a century, and, whatever its faults, we may add, was the parent of a mighty empire. But we have no space to devote to even matters so important as these. Our business, at present, is with Lord Rosebery's treatment of the two great questions by which Pitt's statesmanship will be tried, probably to the end of time — the Union with Ireland and the war with France, reserving some space for another subject which has risen into great importance in our own time, but of which very little notice has been taken in the current biographies of Pitt; we mean his contemplated mode of dealing with the condition of the peasantry, then, perhaps, about the middle of George the Third's reign, at its lowest ebb.

The Irish question, as far as it concerns Pitt, which ended with the Act of Union

in 1800, began in 1785. It was in that year that Pitt introduced his famous "Irish Propositions," intended to place Ireland on a commercial equality with England. They were vehemently resisted by the English manufacturers, hounded on by Fox, and, when modified to conciliate the English, were as vehemently resisted by the Irish, who also had the support of that ingenuous statesman. Pitt found it impossible to pass a measure which should satisfy both the English protectionists and the Irish patriots, and reluctantly abandoned his design. "So passed away," says Lord Rosebery, —

another of the rare and irrevocable opportunities of uniting the two countries. It is impossible to blame the Irish, jealous of any reflection on their new legislative independence, and who had seen the resolutions which they had passed suspiciously transmuted in this direction. Nothing, again, can be more admirable than the energy, the foresight, and the disregard of popular clamor displayed by the young Minister. There is also some excuse for the opposition of Fox, because Fox openly professed that he had never been able to understand political economy. But when we consider the object and the price; that the price was Free Trade and the object commercial, and, in all probability, incomplete, union with Ireland; that there was, in fact, no price to pay, but only a double boon, to use Pitt's happy quotation, "twice blessed, it blesses him that gives and him that takes," it is difficult to avoid the impression that there has been throughout the past history of England and Ireland a malignant fate waving away every auspicious chance, and blighting every opportunity of beneficence as it arises.

The commercial treaty with France, which followed, in 1786, and in which Ireland was included, was resisted by the Whigs on the ground that France was our natural enemy. Pitt laughed at this idea as childish, and in this instance he rather had the country with him. Spain at that time, rather than France, was the traditional enemy of England. But the success of this measure brought him no nearer to what he had so deeply at heart, namely, the termination of Irish misgovernment, and the reconciliation of that country with England. He now, therefore, turned his mind to some other means of effecting the same end; and that the Union would cer-

* Administration of Great Britain, p. 134.

tainly have been carried even had no rebellion occurred in '98 must be plain to every one who reads the history of the two transactions consecutively. Of the Union itself, and the means by which it was carried, we will give Lord Rosebery's opinion in full:—

With regard to the Union two separate questions have to be considered. Firstly, were the means by which it was carried justifiable? Secondly, was it a right measure in itself? On both these points it was necessary to keep in mind the preliminary remark that has been made. It is easy on the brink of the twentieth century to censure much in the eighteenth; but is it candid to do so without placing oneself as far as possible in the atmosphere, circumstances, and conditions of the period which one is considering? Have Pitt's critics done this? Have they judged him by the standards and ideas of his time, and not by the standards and ideas of their own?

It is in this spirit that history, truly and justly written, apportioned blame and praise to men, judging by contemporary canons and not by ours. It is thus that history weighs in her balance Cæsar, and Richelieu, and William III., and Ximenes, and Oxenstiern. Were it otherwise, she would hold the third Duke of Richmond, with his universal suffrage and annual parliaments, a greater statesman than Pitt, or Burke, or any of his contemporaries. To Pitt alone is meted out a different measure. He alone is judged, not by the end of the eighteenth, but by the end of the nineteenth century. And why? Because the Irish question, which he attempted to settle, is an unsettled question still. He alone of the statesmen of the eighteenth century, with the exception of Burke and perhaps Chesterfield, saw its importance and grappled with it manfully. Since then many ministers have nibbled at it whose efforts are buried in decent obscurity. But Pitt's career is still the battlefield of historians and politicians, because he is responsible for the treaty of Union; and because he resigned and did not do something, neither known nor specified, but certainly impossible, to carry what remained of Catholic Emancipation. Of the corruption by which the Union was carried something remains to be noted. It was admittedly wholesale and horrible. But it must in fairness be remembered that this was the only method known of carrying on Irish Government; the only means of passing any measure through the Irish Parliament; that, so far from being an exceptional phase of politics, it was only three or four years of Irish administration rolled into one.

It must be understood, then, that corruption was not a monstrous, abnormal characteristic of the times; it was the every-day life and atmosphere of Irish politics. Was it not better, it may be then urged, that this system should end? Was it not better, at the worst, and once for all, to make a regiment of peers

and army of baronets, to buy the rotten boroughs at the price of palaces, than to go on in the vile old way, hiring, haggling, jobbing, from one dirty day to another, from one miserable year to another, without hope or self-respect; poisoning the moral sense, and betraying the honest judgment of the country, in the futile, endless attempt to maintain the unnatural predominance, and the unreal connection, of an alien executive and a sectional legislature? If the answer be Yes, the means are to that extent justified, for there were no others. . . .

It is Pitt's sinister destiny to be judged by the petty fragment of a large policy which he did not live to carry out: a policy unhappy in execution and results, but which was, it may be fairly maintained, as generous and comprehensive in conception as it was patriotic in motive. It was at any rate worth trying, where so many had failed. But it had no trial, the experiment was scarcely even commenced; and the ruinous part that remains, exposed as it has been to the harshest storms of nine decades, is judged and venerated as if it were the entire structure.

Lord Rosebery agrees with Frere that in Pitt's judgment Roman Catholic emancipation was a more important object than the Union, and that he regarded the latter only as the means to an end. "The Union was to pave the way." But we wish he had said something of Lord Cornwallis's suggestion, namely, that the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities should form an integral part of the Act of Union. I have often thought that Cornwallis was right and Pitt wrong on this point. Many men who would have acquiesced in emancipation as an inseparable condition of the Union changed their minds when the Union had been passed without it. Would not the king himself have been more likely to swallow the pill had it come to him originally wrapped up with the other provisions of the act, and represented to him as an essential element of one comprehensive measure which could not survive the excision of it?

On the subject of Ireland we have allowed Lord Rosebery to speak for himself, because it is desirable to give as wide a circulation as possible to his own words, constituting, as they do, so important and valuable a testimony both to the political exigencies which dictated the Union and to the character of the minister who passed it. If our space permitted, we should like to quote at equal length his description of Pitt's earlier attitude towards the French Revolution. It is generally recognized now that Pitt was cruelly mortified by the necessity of going to war, deranging, as it did, his whole system of domestic policy,

and arresting all his plans of social and commercial progress. Both he and Fox, however, were for some time blind to the true character of the Revolution. Both thought that it must render France powerless for aggressive purposes. Both hoped to see a new order of things arise out of it which would be entitled to their sympathy and admiration. Down to November, 1792, the policy of the Cabinet was one of strict non-intervention. Three events immediately preceding the outbreak of war in February, 1793, made the longer maintenance of this attitude impossible. Immediately after the battle of Jemappes, fought on the 6th of November, 1792, came the French decree declaring the Scheldt to be an open river, in direct violation of numerous treaty engagements, and especially of the solemn guarantee given by Great Britain in 1788. All these obligations France now declared to be abrogated "by the law of nature." Only a few days afterwards came the famous proclamation of the 19th of November, promising assistance to all nations which should rise against their governments; France, when appealed to, declining to deny that the invitation might apply to England. Thirdly, on the 21st of January, 1793, came the execution of the French king, followed by an order to M. Chauvelin, the French ambassador, to quit London; though, as an order to the same effect had been despatched to him by his own government on the previous day, this cannot be considered the cause of hostilities. As a matter of fact, the French declared war first. But could England have sat tamely by and allowed France to tear up treaties at her own good will and pleasure in obedience to a supposed law of nature?

To allow that the French Government were in possession of a law of nature which superseded all treaty obligations, and the copyright and application of which rested exclusively with them, was to annihilate the whole European system.

So says Lord Rosebery; and he concludes the chapter with the following concise statement:—

It is then abundantly manifest from every source of evidence that war was forced on the English Ministry; that Pitt carried to an extreme his anxiety to avoid it; that his resignation could not have averted it; and that in any case it was impossible for him as a man of honor, or a serious statesman, to resign.

Lord Rosebery certainly says that Pitt deceived himself about the probable dura-

tion of the war, and that had he foreseen the future he would have been even more averse than he was from engaging in it; but that is a very different thing from saying that he "would have found some way of avoiding it." There is nothing whatever in Lord Rosebery's book to suggest that in the writer's opinion any way out of it was possible. Granting that the opening of the Scheldt was the real *casus belli*, England went to war for the maintenance of treaty obligations to which she was solemnly pledged, not only jointly but separately. If to repudiate such obligations be the act of a statesman and to fulfil them the act of "a maniac," we must have a new political dictionary.

Lord Rosebery's case, then, in defence of the war of 1793 is complete. Of the conduct of the war there is something more to be said. Lord Rosebery is not, upon the whole, unfair to Pitt. He sees the absurdity of those who make him answerable for our military failures, while refusing him all credit for our naval successes. Yet he hardly brings out the truth into sufficiently bold relief. If our generals had been as good as our admirals, our armies would have done as much as our fleets. Our successes must always depend, to a great extent, on the genius of our commanders. No official energy at the Horse Guards, or in Downing Street could have made the Duke of Cumberland or the Duke of York a good general; while no official mismanagement could have prevented the successes of Wellington. Most of Wellington's greatest victories were gained when Mr. Perceval was prime minister. Yet not even Lord Macaulay would have said that if Perceval had been in Pitt's place the Duke of York could have preserved Holland, or that if he had been in Newcastle's place the Duke of Cumberland would have beaten Saxe. Our only great military success during Chatham's administration was the conquest of Canada; and that was the result of one victory—an event that might happen under any administration, and did happen under Pitt's. The rest of our acquisitions under Chatham were the results of naval superiority. But under Mr. Pitt we gained the six greatest naval victories this country has to boast of.

The comparisons so frequently instituted between Chatham and his son are not altogether fair. Even Lord Rosebery talks of the "spirit" which Chatham infused into the services, and implies that, in this respect, Pitt was inferior to his father. We must remember, however,

that the English government found it necessary to shoot somebody before they could inspire a better spirit in the English navy; and that of this act of vigor Chatham reaped the whole advantage. Whether it was his genius or Byng's execution which "encouraged the others" we need not inquire too nicely. But we may at least give Pitt as much credit for Nelson and Howe as we give Chatham for Hawke and Wolfe.

It is with Lord Rosebery's comparison between the French and English armies that we have most fault to find. He mixes up together, in the same passage, two entirely distinct questions, namely, the military skill of the generals respectively opposed to each other at the beginning of the war, and the system on which the two armies were officered and manned. These we must keep distinct from each other. We may grant that the Duke of York was a general inferior to either Dumourier or Hoche. But Lord Rosebery maintains that the French beat the English because the English army was an aristocratic service and the French a democratic one. Now, no army could be more aristocratic than the French army under the old monarchy. Why, then, did it beat us far oftener before the Revolution than it did afterwards? Was the onset of the regiments in which Ney and Massena were serving as privates more formidable than the charge of the French Household Brigade, a corps composed entirely of gentlemen, so brilliantly described by Lord Macaulay? No French Revolutionary army ever inflicted such defeats on us as Steinkirk, Neerwinden, and Fontenoy. We turn over another chapter of history and we find fresh illustrations of the holowness of Lord Rosebery's position. "The disparity," says he, "extended from the leaders to the ranks. Our soldiers were the scum of the earth, scourged and bullied into order. And these were the soldiers we opposed to the regiments in which Ney and Hoche and Massena were serving as privates." Yes; and who beat them very often, handsomely. The army which the French drove out of Holland was composed of the same material as that which drove the French out of Spain. Nor was it always a question of being well or ill commanded. Soult was at least as good a general as any who were opposed to the Duke of York. Beresford was a worse general than Soult. Yet the English regiments, by sheer gallantry and dash, drove back the French at Albuera, after the battle had been nearly lost by the

mistakes of their commander. By the way, Lord Rosebery must be mistaken about Hoche. Hoche was not serving as a private in 1793.

Lord Rosebery seems inclined to justify the subsidizing system which Pitt finally adopted; and there is, of course, something to be said for it. In what other way can a non-military power fight, or share with its allies the burden of a war for which they are all equally responsible? It might be enough to say that a great naval power will take the naval operations on its shoulders; and that we should have fully discharged our share of the account by the employment of our fleets against the common enemy in all quarters of the globe. But the question does not end here. Pitt might have known from experience that England never got her money's worth. The "selfish ineptitude" of the allies whom Pitt subsidized exactly describes the conduct of the European powers towards England in the war of the Spanish succession and the war of the Austrian succession. Bolingbroke, who put an end to the first, lived to witness the progress of the second, and has left on record his own views upon the subject, the fruits of bitter experience. He had tried the system of Continental alliances against France, and was sick of it. Carteret's grand scheme for expelling the French from Germany he pronounced madness, though there was more method in it than Bolingbroke perceived. His own plan, the Tory plan, was to call home all our troops, throw our whole strength into the navy, harass the French and Spanish coasts by perpetual descents upon them, burning their ports, destroying their shipping, and annihilating their commerce, till they should be glad to make peace on any terms. This, too, was Pitt's plan in the first instance, and would have been Chatham's plan if left to himself. It was the Tory policy as distinct from the Whig policy, for which, however, there is a good deal to be said, in spite of Lord Beaconsfield. If we could have really relied on the Continental powers it might perhaps have been the better of the two; but we could not. "It is the fate of all alliances," said Major Galbraith, speaking of the Highland clans who had promised to join Argyle, "It is the fate of all alliances. The Dutch were gaun to serve us the same gate if we hadn't got the start of them at Utrecht." What the British government experienced during Oxford's administration they experienced also under Pitt's. To this truth Lord Rosebery

bears ample testimony, and, read by the light of subsequent events, we are inclined to say that Pitt's first impulse was the wiser. Where it was possible to place an English general fully in command of an allied army, as Marlborough and Wellington were placed, the case is different. Then we are sure of our ground. But subsidizing foreign powers has certainly not, on the whole, been a remunerative policy for England.

In his chapter on Pitt's domestic policy, Lord Rosebery defends Pitt's repressive measures on the broad ground of public necessity. Confronted with terrible internal dangers, engaged in a life and death struggle for national independence, threatened with conspiracy and sedition fostered by a powerful foreign enemy, the conduct of no minister must be judged too nicely. It is easy to be wise after the event, and, when the danger is passed, to deny that it ever existed. But no reasonable man will condemn precautionary measures because the violence against which they were directed never broke out. "The revolutionary propaganda," says Lord Rosebery, "were really aimed at the subversion of the whole Constitution, of which Pitt was the official trustee." Public opinion drove him forward even faster than he wished to go. "It was not the coercion of a people by the government; it was the coercion of a government by the people." Be this as it may, however, Lord Rosebery says plainly to all English governments since the death of Pitt, Let the one that is without sin among you be the first to cast a stone at him. "Later ministries have departed from the ordinary law with much less reason." This is quite sufficient. Revolutions are not made with rose-water nor are they prevented by rose-water.

But, though Pitt found it impossible to avoid coercive measures, his heart was in remedial and humane ones. His bill for the relief of the poor, introduced in 1796 is but little known, and, as Lord Rosebery truly says, "affords a view of Pitt's character which can nowhere else be found." I myself called pointed attention to it in an article on Sir Robert Peel, published in this review in October, 1885; and it is referred to, not altogether with approval, by the Poor Law Commission of 1834 (Report, page 129). The cardinal principle of this bill was to place poor law relief on such a footing as to make no man ashamed of receiving it. It was meant, in fact, to abolish pauperism by robbing it of all its degrading associations. If it was only recognized that in receiving out-

door relief a man was but taking what was his due, the humiliation of it would at once disappear. According to this bill, men in the possession of land might receive outdoor relief; and any one entitled to it might obtain a lump sum in advance to enable him to buy a cow, or pay the rent of a small plot of ground. Lord Rosebery gives the full details of the bill.

A vast new system was to be created. In every parish or group of parishes were to be established Schools of Industry, which were in fact what we have since known as *ateliers nationaux*. Their conditions were to be settled to some extent by Parish Councils; but they were in all cases to furnish work for the destitute poor. The justices and other authorities were to have nearly the powers of a private employer of labor in regard to them. They were to buy materials; they were to sell the manufactured article; they were to fix the rate of wages; they could build or hire warehouses; they could buy or hire land; they could enclose and cultivate commons for the support of the workers in the Schools of Industry.

But the most interesting feature of the scheme at the present moment is that which relates to the distribution of relief, and our old friends the cow and the land. It is rather surprising that Bentham's criticism should have been allowed quite so much weight. A cow, he said, would require three acres of grass, and where was that to come from? Why, from the roadside wastes and commons, to be sure, if the owner had no land of his own, and was unable to rent "a small plot." The roadside grass has fed the cows of the villagers for many years. Pitt's friend at Short-grove, who had first pointed out to him the condition of the peasantry in Essex, might surely have given him this piece of information. It was probably, however, the pressure of foreign affairs rather than anything else which caused the measure to be abandoned. But it remains, as Lord Rosebery says, a standing monument of Pitt's superiority to convention and tradition, and, it might be added, of the great difference in the tone of thought on this and other subjects which distinguished the eighteenth century from the nineteenth. Many of the statesmen of an earlier day might have condemned Pitt's scheme as visionary and impracticable. None of them, I think, would have spoken of it as it might be spoken of now by Conservatives of the old school. The French Revolution had inflicted a serious shock on the sense of stability and security which pervaded both

the aristocracy and the middle classes before that startling explosion. But they had not yet learned to be afraid of what we now call Socialism. Political economy, moreover, was but little understood, and it would not have occurred to one Englishman in ten thousand that there was anything in Pitt's proposal either socially dangerous or commercially wrong. It was natural for an aristocracy who still held the reins of power in their own grasp not to be afraid of such experiments, for they knew they could stop when they chose. The middle classes were quite satisfied to leave the protection of the rights of property in such good hands. But now that the old securities have vanished, the case, no doubt, presents a somewhat different aspect. At the same time, with the authority of Mr. Pitt in their favor, I see no reason why Conservatives should allow themselves to be frightened by the cry of Socialism, especially when, by listening to it, they are playing into the hands of men who are doing all they can to create a war of classes in the rural districts, by which the agricultural laborer, in whose welfare they profess so much interest, will in the end be the chief sufferer.

The English peasantry are in danger of being duped by professional politicians, and of being persuaded to accept in payment of their support at the polling booths promissory notes which those who issue them have not the slightest intention of paying, all the time knowing, indeed, that payment is impossible. They remind us of Mr. Dousterswivel and his language to Sir Arthur Wardour when the baronet had been squeezed dry. "Either I will bring you in two and three days de No. 111 of Mr. Mishdigat or you shall call me one knave myself, and never look me in de face again no more at all." The adept, we are told, took his departure in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of the proposition and never again appearing before his injured patron. But we are not yet obliged to conclude that such must necessarily be the fate of our kindly English peasantry, whose conservative instincts have been the theme of philosophers, and whose many virtues have been sung by poets. Why should they be allowed to fall blindfold into the arms of those who only seek to make them cat's-paws, without some effort being made to convince them that their ancient hereditary friends are their friends still, from whom they are likely to get far more good, both direct and indirect, than from those whose newly formed sympathies are purely

political and selfish? The only objection to some such scheme as was contemplated by Mr. Pitt in 1796 is not, in my opinion, founded on its Socialistic character, but on the great improbability that it would work well for the peasantry themselves. I myself am no new convert to schemes of this nature, assuming them to be really capable of extensively and permanently enlarging the class of small proprietors. I regretted the extinction of this class when it was not yet the fashion to do so. I only wish I could feel sure that we could revive by artificial means what has given way before the operation of a natural law. The condition of the laborer, though not all that could be wished, is very greatly improved since the days of Mr. Pitt. And I very much doubt whether he would be much better off with his three acres of land than he is without them.

We have lastly to say a few words — and they shall be very few — on the character of Pitt. If we take character as a better test of greatness than intellect, Pitt was a greater man than his father. Not a tithe of the responsibilities which rested on the shoulders of Pitt were ever borne by Chatham. Chatham was a great war minister who kindled both in the English people and in the military and naval services a spirit which changed the fortunes of the war, and under the influence of which it may be said:—

Groom fought like noble,
Squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.

But who were his enemies? Had either the French or the Spaniards at that time any genius to be compared with Napoleon? And what were their designs? At the most, to wrest a few colonies or settlements from Great Britain and cripple her resources for perhaps another generation. They entertained no thoughts of conquering this country, of destroying its constitution, and of proclaiming liberty, equality, and fraternity in the streets of London. They did not foment, as weapons of offence, conspiracies, and mutinies within our own borders. England never stood alone under Chatham to contend without allies against the master of a continent. Chatham was matched against opponents immeasurably inferior, beset by dangers incomparably less formidable, distracted by anxieties infinitely less various and complicated, than those which were defied by Pitt. Much as we may admire Chatham's genius, he never stood, never had a chance of standing, on so lofty and per-

ilous an eminence as his son's. That Pitt stood there for so many years with his face to the foe, never losing his head, never losing his heart, but maintaining to the end that erect and fearless carriage which had quite as much effect upon the English nation as all the fire of Chatham, is a title to our homage and admiration, which Lord Rosebery seems to recognize when he says that, though there may have been greater and abler men than Pitt, it would not be very easy to name them. True, it would not; and if Chatham were one of them in Lord Rosebery's opinion, he would not have written this sentence. We may search history in vain for Pitt's superior in moral grandeur; and it would be a long time, I think, before we found his equal.

T. E. KEBBEL.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

A QUEEN'S SERVANT IN CARGLEN.

"He's late the nicht," says the man.

"Ay, that is he," declared the woman.

John Eunie sits closer to the fire, spreads his great hands more fully over the warm peat "low," and pulls hard at his brown clay pipe.

Eppie, his wife, crouching on a low stool by the other side of the hearth, gathers her rough wincey gown very tightly around her feet, rattles the needles in the middle of a big stocking with renewed vigor, and she too does justice to an old black cutty.

This goes on for a little while, during which no word is spoken; only the click, click of the busy needles is heard; the smack of old lips pulling away at seasoned pipes; the lapping blaze of the peats in the big-bellied chimney; with an occasional "Oich! Oich!" from John, and a sympathetic "Umph! Umph!" from Eppie.

There are two windows in this little kitchen: a six-paned one, looking out on the front garden and the broad toll-road, and a single-paned one, opening like a big eye in the northern gable. These are set, clear to the blast, without shutter in the open, or blind within (God bless you! we have nothing to hide in Carglen), and the big raindrops, driven by the loud wind, play with a wintry music against the glass.

Meanwhile, far away down the toll-road Robbie the "post" is toiling along with the letters from Kail.

Presently a shrill and long protracted whistle is heard; not heeded at first by

either of the placid smokers; but as it continues loud and increasing in volume, followed by the fierce bark of a collie-dog, John takes his pipe out of his teeth, says "Oich! Oich! Oich!" and Eppie, ceasing at once to knit and smoke, adds her "Umph! Umph! Umph!"

Then John looks at Eppie, and Eppie gazes at John.

"Get up an' ope the door," is the expression on John's face.

"If it shudna be oped this hunder year, it'll no be oped by me," gleams defiantly through Eppie's spectacles.

"Oich! Oich!" grunts John dolefully.

"Umph! Umph!" rejoins Eppie, beginning to be submissive for once to the authority of her "man," the parish undertaker and postmaster; and then she adds, "It'll be Staneton, I'm thinkin'."

"Ay! ay! it's Staneton. Gang oot, woman!" cries John, in his most valorous tones.

"Whew-ew! Whew-ew-ew-ew!" sounds once more through the window and down the chimney.

Then Eppie hobbles up, and hurries to the back door. She opens it just wide enough to show a long honest nose and the glitter of moonshaped spectacles, and says she, "Aweel an' it's yersel, sir."

"Ay! ay!" cries the farmer, shaking his wet and shaggy sides. "Hae ye ony?" adds he.

"Deil a ane," rejoins Eppie with some scorn, not free from a touch of malevolence, for she knows (who so well as she!) what brings the farmer of Staneton time after time to the little post-office. "The auld bit body is still thinkin' an' thinkin' o' that lassie that writes tae 'im, — God save her frae ane that has a foot an' mair in the cauld yerth!" So she gently shuts the door in his face, and returns to her "Umph! Umph!"

But the farmer whistles more shrilly than ever. "Guid preserve us!" roars John Eunie, springing to his feet like a lusty youngster and "hirplin" to the door without his oaken staff; "as the Lord made us, it's the *Blankshire Journal*."

"I hae brought ye a read o' the paper, John," says the farmer, disregarding the presence of his female enemy, and passing from under his thick coat a greasy journal, sadly wrinkled and partly torn, but not more than a week old.

"I thank ye, Staneton, an' I thank ye, but wull ye no come awa' in?"

"What, John, horse an' all!" cries the farmer.

"Ha! ha! an' that's a guid joke, that

it is," says John, chuckling happily to himself, for a man who has got an unlooked-for read of the *Blankshire Journal* naturally feels considerable elation of spirit. For, mind you, the paper cost threepence, and it is only the great ones in Carglen who can afford that price, while even they band themselves together in little coteries to unite their subscriptions for a single weekly copy. Eppie, too, is mollified, for she is a great reader of the news, drawing a line only at the extravagance of her "man" if he were to buy a paper himself.

So Eppie passes out her hand with a gesture of command, and John meekly surrenders the coveted sheet.

"John Eunie!" says the farmer, in a hoarse whisper.

"Ay!" says John, with the same restraint upon his voice.

"Is he come?" adds the farmer.

"Na," says John.

"The Lord be thankit," cries the farmer; "ye'll send the queanie up wi't when Robbie does come, wull ye no?"

"Whist!" says John, turning his left eye upon Eppie, now sitting by the hearth, and with the other winking shrewdly at the man on horseback.

Then, without another word, the farmer of Staneton rides away into the rain and the darkness.

John returns to the fireside and listens to the news, dealt out at intervals by Eppie his wife, who has the paper and is not likely to part with it.

And still, far down the toll-road, Robbie the "post" is toiling onward from Kail, with the big letter-bag on his shoulder.

"'Awful affair at the Links o' Dornie' — reads Eppie from the *Journal*; "'a man' — umph! umph! — 'go-r-e-d — gorit to death by a mad —'"

Rat-tat-tat! here sounds loud upon the kitchen door.

"Dam ye!" says John, blowing a mouthful of smoke up the chimney, and then in a sweet, postmaster voice, "Come awa' in."

The door opens slowly, and a young country girl enters, wrapped in a gaudy woollen shawl covering the head in place of a bonnet and fastened with a showy silver buckle under the chin. She stands modestly in the middle of the floor for a few seconds without uttering a syllable, shaking her wet wincey gown and moving uneasily from one foot to the other. John Eunie is silent too — a slow man he! — and all that Eppie does is to press the

horn-rimmed spectacles more firmly upon her nose, and stare rudely at the country lassie.

The lassie blushes, but at length gaining courage, she says, "It's a 'head' I'm wantin'."

"Gie the queanie a 'head,' John Eunie," cries Eppie, in a stern voice.

Her "man," with inward sorrow, must needs obey this injunction, for the queen, whose servant he is, has a claim upon him, as well as the queen bee in his own hive. So he hobbles to the mahogany table by the big front window, unlocks a drawer with key obtained from Eppie, takes out a "head," and solemnly presents it to the bashful, blushing lassie.

Kirsty Dean — for that is her name — feeling very guilty, now pulls a letter from the folds of her shawl, then, with awkward, trembling fingers, affixes the "queen's head" to the envelope and passes it into the hands of the Carglen undertaker and postmaster. John receives it with dignity, carefully glancing at its general outward appearance as one would at a packet possibly containing some infernal machine. Then he puts his glasses on and reads the address, making a mental note of the same for the information of his good gossip and wife Eppie; and, now satisfied, places it in the mahogany drawer. The lassie, never having moved from the middle of the floor, still lingers, and at last she says, "Is he no in?"

"Robbie?" says Eppie.

"Ay, Robbie," replies Kirsty Dean.

"Na," says Eppie laconically, for breath is scarce in old age.

"Gae near the fiehr," says John, now divining that she is on the outlook for a letter.

And still away down the toll-road auld Robbie the "post" plods wearily along.

They say that when a man has obtained a great success, or been rewarded with a piece of rich luck, he had better beware, for it is just then that misfortune is dogging his footsteps. Holy Writ puts this in a somewhat different form: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Now John Eunie has just had his piece of good luck in the unexpected acquisition of the *Blankshire Journal*, and in his declining years he has begun to think a trifle too highly of his spouse and himself as joint masters of the post-office, more especially as the *Blankshire* has once spoken of them as "that worthy couple who have so long and

faithfully, etc., etc." What wonder, therefore, that malignant fate should now be in arms against Eppie and himself! Well, the point I am coming to is this: John is scarcely seated cosily in his chair once more when a smart young footman enters with a letter to the postmaster himself from the redoubtable Laird of Carglen.

John takes the epistle and reads it:—

"Mr. Malcolm Seth presents his compliments to John Eunie (who is, Mr. Seth presumes, the local postmaster), and begs to inform him that unless he, John Eunie, causes his wife Elspeth or Eppie Eunie to discontinue interfering with Mr. Seth's letters, such unlawful curiosity will have to be brought to the notice of the postmaster-general."

Poor John is as dumbfounded as if he had been struck by a cannon ball, and he turns his eyes feebly upon the laird's footman. After a few seconds he pulls himself together and reads the letter a second time; and then, with anger visible in his mild old face, he raises his fist, smites the mahogany table till the letters inside dance against each other, and cries he, "Eppie, woman, ye've been at it again!"

"At it! ye auld fule," bawls Eppie; "ye ken ower weel wha was last at it; was it no yersel', freen?"

"I spaik na o' the bottle, woman," says John with emphasis; "it's the let —"

"John Eunie," cries Eppie solemnly, "are ye mad?"

John, now realizing that he has been treading on dangerous ground, admits "Aweel an' I may be. But read that," he adds, handing the paper to Eppie.

Mistress Eunie scans the writing like Burns's sullen dame "gathering her brows like gathering storm." Eppie's face on ordinary occasions is none too sweet or pleasant, but now it is at its worst. Anger is swelling in her bosom and rising into her puffed cheeks and dilated nostrils. Every one expects a terrific outburst — John most of all — but no; Eppie represses her emotions, and says quietly to the young footman, "Ye'll be waitin' for what they ca' a reply?"

The man in livery nods assent.

"Aweel," adds Eppie, "see here." Then she takes the tongs up, puts the letter within its points, and calmly places the paper in the middle of the peat "low." "An' that's the answer tae the laird," declares Eppie defiantly.

"The Lord guide us, Eppie, this wunna dae," cries John Eunie.

"It'll dae, an' its deene," adds she proudly.

"Oich! Oich!" says John.

The footman winks slyly at Kirsty Dean, who, though in deep heart's trouble, nearly laughs outright, and then he sits down quietly to await the arrival of the "post."

Robbie has at length covered the long miles of the dreary toll-road, and he now enters, footsore, tired, and naturally out of temper altogether. Our old friend has been a soldier in his day, but he has never lost the distinguishing marks of a born Carglener. His upper man — that is to say, the head which he carries high in air — is a mark for the enterprising photographer. Surely nature never turned out from her wonderful human manufactory such another piece of workmanship. Hear him talk of his exploits in the battle-field, and his wrinkled features will look so seriously valorous that you must needs laugh; see him dressed in the old summer suit which he puts on when he digs the soil and trims the flowers in his well-kept garden at home, and he will look as shrewd as Andrew Fairservice, and more respectable; meet him in the "auld wuid," rigged out in a tattered old coat testifying to many patches, and you will dare swear that any jury would convict him as a poacher on the mere strength of his looks, though he will blandly talk about being in search of "brushwood;" behold him in his sleek black suit on the Sabbath morning on the way to God's kirk, and an angel might mistake him for a saint. And the soul of the man, like his countenance and his garb, responds to the various parts which he plays in the parochial life. When his heart feels martial his eye flashes fire, and he speaks with big swelling words that alarm the peaceable Carglen mind. But in his garden his talk is all of flowers, plants, and shrubs, so that you would think, to hear him, that God made the world imperfect in order that man might perfect it by turning it into a garden with bright flowers and shady walks. "An' haith, lads," he will say, "when the A'mighty made oor great forbear in his ain image an' supperscription (*sic*) whaur pat he him? Ye ken yersels brawly. Was it no in Eden? An' it was a real naiterel thing for him tae dae, for it's here that a man can smell the sweet scent o' the yerth an' live. No that I liken this ane tae God's; the Lord forbid," he adds reverently. God and the minister and the "maister" are Robbie's admitted superiors in gardening as in other things, but there are none other than they and the queen whom he serves. But

when Robbie is cross, a mere glance at him shows that he is disgusted with providence; when he is pleased, his wrinkled old face beams so jolly that young folks laugh at it; but oh! when he is fu'—a circumstance of too frequent occurrence—then never man looked so preternaturally sober as he. Robbie has not the "head" of our great luminary Francie Kemp, politician and man of peace (*i.e.*, of war), but in other respects he is a sort of epitome of the general parish character.

Every one knows that the "post" is out of sorts as he enters this evening. He has not had enough of the dram to keep the cold out of his vitals, and the wind, thumping away at him as he jogged along the toll-road with the big bag on his back, has made matters worse.

"Ye're late, Robbie," says John valorously.

"Wha's late?" cries Robbie, as he throws the bag without ceremony on the mahogany table.

"'Deed, yersel'," replies John.

"An' what may ye be, John Eunie?" says Robbie. "Man, ye're aye late," he adds.

"Oich! Oich!" says John.

"It's nae Oich! Oich!" continues Robbie, with a thin voice that resembles the yelping of a snappish cur, "it's doom's truth. Ye're nae a man at a'; ye hae played second fiddle a' ye're life, an', lord, ye've aye been ahint time. Ask Eppie," says he.

"Aweel," pleads John, fairly abashed, "let's hae the letters."

"A' in guid time," says Robbie, with the air of one who is his own master; but he now takes his seat on the edge of the mahogany table, and begins to assort the letters. John, with spectacles on nose, superintends this process as well as a man may who cannot see a single address, so fast does auld Robbie maliciously deal out the letters. "An' wha's ahint noo, John, my man," he seems to be saying to himself.

The footman at length obtains the laird's letters, and he departs. One is handed to Kirsty Dean. Kirsty breaks the seal, and reads the letter by the light of the blazing peat "low." Then, says she, speaking apparently into the middle of the big fire, "Jock's lost, as sure as death."

"A death!" cries Eppie, thirsting for a piece of news.

"Death! Wha' spak o' death?" says the lassie. "Gie's back that letter!" adds she.

"Gie ye the letter back, girl!" says John Eunie; "gie a letter back!" says Eppie; and "gie a letter back!" says the "post," each with as much amazement as if asked to sign his or her death-warrant.

"Ay! but ye'll de't," pleads the girl.

"The Lord preserve us, queanie, what postmaister did ever gie back a letter?" cries John Eunie, jumping up as if he had been shot from his chair.

Then Kirsty begins to cry, and she tells her story, how that Jock was her Joe, and had promised to marry her at the "term;" how he had not written for a long, long time; how *she* had written that very letter bidding him good-bye forever, and telling him certain things he would not like to be told; how the letter which she held in her hand put matters all right; and how she was ruined forever if the letter she had just posted were delivered to Jock.

"It's a sad case, vera," says John, "but law's law, and I canna help."

So Kirsty Dean renews her sobbing and crying.

Now it is known to all Carglen that the good folks who dwell in it are blest with a local and special providence in the person of Francie Kemp. Many and many a time has he cut the Gordian knot and enabled us to retire from difficulties which seemed to baffle all our wits and press hard, too hard, on our consciences. Thanks be to heaven, Francie himself now walks into the kitchen.

The case is fully stated.

Francie has a habit of magnifying such dilemmas as the present, in order, as Pete McQueben once profanely said, to increase his own importance in unravelling them, and says he now, "Aweel, an' there's nae hope."

"Nane," cry they all.

Kirsty, whose spirits had risen when Francie appeared, now breaks down again.

"That's tae say, freens," continues Francie, as he finishes the lighting of his long clay pipe, "there's nae hope but in me, as Wullie said when he took the reins o' the gohvermint oot o' the ither folks' hands. It's a graand thing, freens, tae ken a' about the law an' them that maks it. Noo, there's the laird, he's great in the law, but he's only a lyer (lawyer), for he's nae up in them wha mak it, but there's some in Carglen that ken a' about baith, an' that means politeeks, freens, 'deed does it."

"Speak yer mind, Francie," says John.

"Ye daurna return it, John, wi' a clear conscience," declares Francie solemnly.

"It's clear he canna, man," grunts Robbie the post, who is still in bad humor.

"Gude e'en tae ye, Robbie," says Francie magnanimously, for he is about to triumph in the sight of three douce folks, and he at least is self-satisfied.

Then says Francie to John Eunie, blowing away the smoke that curled about his head: "There's nae hairm in lookin' at the address upo' the letter."

"Nane at a'," cries John.

They all gather around the mahogany table and the letter is produced, John holding it with his finger and thumb.

"There might hae been a mistak' in the address?" says Francie.

"There might," says John.

"Mair nor ane," adds Francie.

"Mair nor ane," adds John.

"A guid mony," says Francie.

"Ay!" says John.

"Ye allow corrections?" adds Francie.

"What for no?" says John.

"Aweel, lassie!" cries Francie Kemp, at length rising to the height of the occasion, "*jest put the mistaks richt; jest score out a' these wards and put yer ain name an' address on it, an' the 'post' 'll deelever it tae yersel', an' nae law'll be broken.*"

Then Francie, looking as meek as a man can in such an honorable case, quietly sits down by the ingle neuk and blows the tobacco smoke up the chimney.

"See what it is tae hae a head on your shoothers!" says John Eunie, looking at Francie with admiration.

"Weel an' there, noo," says Eppie. Robbie the post is silent, but then he is cross and out of sorts.

Kirsty Dean, now looking as sweet as a daisy in the green fields, does as she is told, John still retaining the letter in his possession. Then she goes up to Francie, and says she: "Ye dear auld man, let me kiss ye."

"Ay, kiss me," says Francie, wiping his lips, "but dinna say 'auld.'"

"*You dear auld man,*" says Kirsty fully, but with depth of gratitude in her eyes. She then runs away home knowing that next morning the "post" will deliver that letter to herself as he passes down the toll-road.

Robbie has gone away up the brae to his house by the "auld wuid;" Francie to his home in the glen of Rashes; and John and Eppie are once more smoking by the fire.

"He's a terrible clever chield, Francie," says John.

"Real," admits Eppie.

Then the wife adds: "I thank God ye haena his head!"

"Why, woman?" cries John.

"We'll no say," replies Eppie.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

From Temple Bar.

THE BROWNING.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

WHEN Wordsworth heard of the marriage of Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett, he remarked in his dry, level tone: "Doubtless they will speak more intelligibly to each other than they have yet done to the public." Wordsworth was an old man when he uttered these words, and unlikely, being the age he was, to accept any new message of poetic inspiration, especially if conveyed in an unaccustomed form. Even forty years earlier Coleridge had complained that Wordsworth desired to make modern poetry sectarian, with limitations fixed by his own dogmatism. At no period perhaps of his life would he have had eyes to see the dawn of any "new morning" other than the glow which the "Lyrical Ballads" had brought upon earth, dispelling by their natural colors the cold and rigid forms of classicism! But allowing for a certain narrowness of vision on the part of Wordsworth, in saying what he did of the want of intelligibility, he but echoed public opinion regarding the poetry of Browning—at the time.

Miss Mitford, the literary gossip of the period, and at the same time the most intimate friend of the poetess—shares Wordsworth's views with respect to the author of "Paracelsus." In a letter to Charles Boner she writes:—

The great news of the season is the marriage of my beloved friend Elizabeth Barrett to Robert Browning. I have seen him once, only many years ago. He is, I hear from all quarters, a man of immense attainment and great conversational power. As a poet I think him overrated. . . . Those things on which his reputation rests, "Paracelsus" and "Bells and Pomegranates," are to me as so many riddles.

Miss Mitford, had she lived on to the last decade, "doubtless" would have joined the Browning Society, and escaped all danger of being strangled by the Sphinx. In another letter to the same correspondent she writes:—

I at Miss Barrett's wedding! Ah, dearest Mr. Boner, it was a runaway match: never

was I so much astonished. He prevailed on her to meet him at church with only the two necessary witnesses. They went to Paris. There they stayed a week. Happening to meet with Mrs. Jameson, she joined them in their journey to Pisa; and accordingly they travelled by diligence, by railway, by Rhone boat—anyhow—to Marseilles, thence took shipping to Leghorn, and then settled themselves at Pisa for six months. She says she is very happy. God grant it continue! I felt just exactly as if I had heard that Dr. Chambers had given her over when I got the letter announcing her marriage, and found that she was about to cross to France. I never had an idea of her reaching Pisa alive. She took her own maid and her [dog] Flush. I saw Mr. Browning once. Many of his friends and mine, William Harness, John Kenyon, and Henry Chorley, speak very highly of him. I suppose he is an accomplished man, and if he makes his angelic wife happy, I shall of course learn to like him.

As we know, this proved one of the happiest runaway matches on record. The Grotes were equally happy, but then they were not of the *irritabile genus*—ah, there's the rub! Poets, and such as are of imagination all compact, have not the reputation of making good husbands. Some men—Carlyle excepted—have had patient, Griselda-like wives, who have borne a great deal, silently and in pure self-effacement, as did Tom Moore's wife. A much aggrieved French lady went so far as to say, in excusing her husband, "*Mon Dieu, que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes!*"

Wordsworth, more fortunate than Landon, Coleridge, or Byron, wedded and lived happily with his "phantom of delight." De Quincey had a strong impression "that neither Coleridge nor Byron could have failed to quarrel with *any* wife, though a Pandora sent down from heaven to bless him." Probably Miss Barrett's family took an adverse view of *any* poet-husband, when they opposed her marriage with Browning; and something of fear and doubt may reasonably have clouded the hopes of her best friends, for was she not also a poet? It was indeed doubling the risks and chances of life's welfare for poet to wed with poet; it was tempting the very gods by trying thus to win a bliss unknown to mortals; yet the story of this rare union remains a golden-lettered legend, good for all time!

In practical seriousness, the risks incurred were of no ordinary kind, when Browning "indulged the one dramatic impulse of his life," and snatched his gifted bride from the arms of death. Nor is the expression a mere figure of speech.

Death was very near the languid sufferer, who had been condemned to her "sofa and silence" from girlhood, till now, when in her thirty-eighth year she was destined by Heaven's beneficence to feel the transforming power of—love. In her own exquisite verse she tells the crowning incident of her story:—

I saw in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was
'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the
hair,
And a voice said, in mastery, while I strove,
"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death!"
I said. But there,
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but
Love!"

In writing of the marriage to her frequent correspondent, Mr. Horne, Mrs. Browning says: "Our plans were made up at last in the utmost haste and agitation—precipitated beyond all intention." Well, indeed, that they did precipitate matters, for there can be little doubt her life would have been the forfeit, had she submitted much longer to the virtual imprisonment to her "sofa and silence" in a "darkened room." Why, in the name of common sense, the poor invalid should have been condemned to a darkened room, we know not; the very flowers in their instinct seek the light—the light so necessary to all created things, except the blind-made Proteus of the under-world.

From Mr. Kenyon—her cousin and our friend—I heard many interesting particulars of those "sweet sad years" which this remarkable woman passed in deep seclusion. "I live in London, to be sure," she writes, "but except for the glory of it, I might live in a desert—so profound is my solitude." Kenyon was one of the few who were admitted to see Elizabeth Barrett; and we, who knew "good joyous Kenyon," were well aware what light and leading, what fresh air from the outer world, what flashes from the flint and steel of daily talk, he must have brought to that gloomy chamber, which "did not even look into the street." When the invalid lost her voice—as she did sometimes—then, as she says herself, Kenyon would give her a monodrama "talk for an hour as he can talk, while the audience could only clap her hands, or shake her head for yea or nay." It was Kenyon who placed in her hands all the new books that were best worth reading—Browning's poems

among others. The poet's recent volume, "Bells and Pomegranates," was dedicated to Kenyon. These poems are now dispersed, according to that arbitrary fashion of classification which so sadly interferes with the higher interest of tracing in order of time the growth and development of a writer's ideas and convictions.

While knowing him as yet only by his writings, Miss Barrett found in Browning no "hard riddles," like dear Miss Mitford in her superficial literary criticism; but, on the contrary, had "full faith in him as poet and prophet," adding significantly, "he is a poet for posterity." She herself, inspired by Mrs. Jameson, had just then written a noble poem, which had no need to wait upon the grudging verdict of posterity; for it touched to the quick the conscience of her contemporaries; and as long as the weakness of the poor and injured little ones, with their burden of toil and sorrow, appeal for protection, so long will her "Cry of the Children" find a response in the human heart. Our poetess is always at her best when dealing with the tangible facts of life, rather than with imagined vice or virtue. This reminds one of Croker's remark, where he says, "History, I fear, deals in fiction; but good poetry is concerned only with *realities* either of visible or moral nature."

I have in my possession a characteristic letter of Miss Barrett's; written in 1842, it gives us a glimpse of her life in those days, and is a fair example of certain peculiarities in her prose style. She writes:—

MY DEAREST ANNIE,—I have deferred, more days than I at first intended, thanking you for your kind letter, and satisfactory, and therefore most welcome, account of your health and position at Taunton. But how long do you remain there? Are you so pleased with your castle as to live there happily all the days of your life, or do you mean some time to cross the drawbridge and come to London? Your question to Henrietta about pretty bonnets leads me to hope that we shall see you again, and that Mr. — (the lady's husband) has not checkmated you by casting her queen for ever and ever. My sonnet to Wordsworth—which is in fact, as you will see, a sonnet on a picture of Wordsworth—I enclose under this cover, and acknowledge that it was scarcely worth so much waiting for. Arabel put off attending to your request, but did not mean to neglect it altogether. The sonnet was occasioned by the kindness of Mr. Haydon, the artist, who sent the picture to me, and who afterwards, without consulting me, sent the sonnet to the poet, the result of the whole being that Wordsworth wrote to me very kindly with his own hand.

The "Mr. Cornwall Barry Wilson" is not as I *fancy you fancy*, Barry Cornwall the poet, but simply a Mr. Cornwall *Baron* Wilson and the very undistinguished husband of Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, who edits the *Belle Assemblée*, and writes diluted verses and watery novels. I say an "undistinguished husband," because I never heard of his being remarkable for anything in the world except for husbandship of the authoress. Inquire if I am not right. Barry Cornwall's real name is Procter. . . . Dear Mr. Boyd has been writing a good deal to me lately, and we have been quarrelling fiercely about Wordsworth; and I am pleased through all the quarrelling to see him armed with his old iron and energy, exactly as of yore. Thanks for inquiring about me: I am very essentially better, certainly *must* be, for within these last ten weeks the spitting of blood has quite stopped for the first time since I broke the vessel, and it may be the Divine will to restore me. The weather serves me, and is so unseasonably and delightfully mild, that a fire has been a mere superfluity, and indeed to-day and yesterday I have had my fire put out, and sate more pleasantly without any—this day being the 1st of December.

The sonnet referred to is now before me, copied out in her delicate neat handwriting on a half-sheet of note-paper yellow with age, and is signed Elizabeth Barrett B. The lines, though probably not unfamiliar, may be recalled to the reader's recollection:—

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty—*He* with forehead
bowed

And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thoughts of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the yet higher Heav'ns. A vision free
And noble, Haydon hath thine art releast.
No portrait this with academic air—
This is the poet and his poetry.

Sara Coleridge, who was no mean critic, took exception to what she calls the "bodily organism" of Mrs. Browning's poetry. "In many passages," she says, "the expressions are very faulty, the images forced and untrue, the situations unnatural and unpleasant; whereas poetry should carry with it an influence and impression of delightfulness." The *genre* of a writer is made up of defects as well as beauties, or, as Buffon puts it, "*le style est l'homme même*." Even against the canons of good taste, the style remains as something inherent to every original mind; it is like the wart on Cromwell's

face, it is there, but you must be a poor creature, indeed, if you can see nothing else but the wart on the Lord Protector's face. Miss Cobbe's only recorded criticism on Robert Browning's poems is, that "to read them is like riding in a hansom cab with a lame horse over a rough road." The road is rough and the horse may be lame, but there is a glorious landscape beyond the hedge, if you are tall enough to look over, or can find courage to grasp the blackthorn and gain a standpoint for the view.

In her "Handbook to Browning's Works," Mrs. Orr mentions the fact that, as a young man, he was not insensible to suggestive criticism. He made an effort to avoid the "verbosity" which John Stirling complained of in "Paracelsus," and gave also some weight to the reminder of Caroline Fox, that Wordsworth sometimes took a fortnight in discovering a single word that was the one fit for his sonnets. As the result, Browning "contented himself with two words where he would rather have used ten;" and, continues Mrs. Orr, "the harsh and involved passages in 'Sordello,' which add so much to the remoteness of its thought, were the first consequences of this lesson. . . . The dread of being diffuse rooted itself in his mind."

Miss Barrett met adverse criticism in a different spirit; there was a fine vein of obstinacy in her character. In reply to her friend Horne, who had objected to her rhymes, she says with great insistence that her rhymes are meant for rhymes, and that she has chosen them and selected them on principle with a determinate object. About this time Kenyon, who had been guilty some years before of a volume of poetry, had made a graceful paraphrase of Schiller's "Gods of Greece," which, as he himself modestly said, was glorified in calling forth Miss Barrett's "noble lyric" of "The Dead Pan." This last was shown to Browning in manuscript before the future lovers were acquainted. The poet wrote to Kenyon a note on the subject, which the latter did not fail to send to his cousin. In great triumph Miss Barrett quotes this letter of Browning's as a refutation of the objections raised by Horne. She says: "The note was sent as likely to please me, and pleased me so much . . . and not the least from the beauty of the figure used to illustrate my *rhymatology*, that I begged to keep it."

When Kenyon, who knew already that they were kindred souls, introduced Browning to his cousin, he had something

to say of the man as well as the poet; he had been intimate with him for some years. Recalling the impression I received when I first became acquainted with Kenyon's set — if he could be said to have a set — for he knew everybody — I should say that Browning was considered stronger than his writings. "He talks so well and so forcibly, pity he's so obscure in his poetry," was the occasional remark. Landor used to say: "Give me ten accomplished men for readers, and I am content." Browning, without doubt, had found his "ten," but a great many others, who were not impelled by any vogue to read his poetry, judged him by another standard, and voted him one of the best talkers among guests whom Kenyon and Harness knew so well how to select — as guests should be selected for sympathy of character and for diversity of opinion. The taste of the day — just before the first International Exhibition — was not eminently poetical; perhaps we talked too much of science and technical arts. The *ben trovato* story of the publisher's answer to the "person from Porlock," or elsewhere, who desired to sell his volume of verse for a good round sum, and see himself famous, may be recalled; the man of business in rejecting the obliging offer of the unknown, observed: "There is no market for poetry at present; if Shakespeare were alive, he would have difficulty in finding a publisher; indeed, I will go further — if Prince Albert himself were to offer a volume of poems, it would probably be declined."

By this time, of course, Tennyson had risen high above the horizon, but I recollect being present at a dinner-party, when Douglas Jerrold and some of his set loudly applauded the reading of a parody in manuscript, the point of which was unsparing ridicule of the so-called "Carpet Knight Dandyism" of the new laureate.

Landor had noted the decline in poetic feeling, in his lines to "Andrew Crosse," where he says: —

Southey, the pure of soul, is mute!
Hoarse whistles Wordsworth's watery flute.

Nor longer do the girls for Moore
Jilt Horace as they did before.

Others there are whose future day
No slender glories shall display;
But you would think me worse than tame
To find me stringing name on name.

Now chiefly female voices rise
(And sweet are they) to cheer our skies.

Age could not wither Landor's poetic

fervor or stay his readiness to receive the newly moulded thoughts of a younger generation; he was amongst the earliest of Robert Browning's admirers, and, curiously enough, of his wife also—before she was his wife. He was thinking of her when he spoke of the "female voices." The feeling of admiration was intensified when, later on, "Aurora Leigh" was published. He wrote to Forster: "I had no idea that any one in this age was capable of so much poetry. I am half drunk with it."

It was from Landor, as well as from Kenyon, that we were continually hearing the praises of Mrs. Browning and her works. At that time she seemed to me, and I think to others, a more interesting personage in quality of her genius than her husband, to whose writings, as she herself says, nobody in England pretends to do justice, except "a small knot of pre-Raffaelite men."

It was, then, with no ordinary feelings of pleasurable anticipation I learnt that we were bidden specially to meet "Mrs. Browning at dinner" at Mr. Kenyon's. It was during their visit to London in 1851, but on this particular evening Mr. Browning, for some reason or other, was not present. I think the guests only numbered fourteen—Mr. Kenyon disliked a crowded dinner-table; Mrs. Browning was the guest of the evening, and, with his old-fashioned courtesy, our host introduced every one to her, for those present were nearly all strangers to the poetess. How rarely the personality of a favorite author fulfils expectation! Mrs. Browning's face was not the one I had pictured to myself. In reality, at least to my finding, she had a distinctly hard-featured, non-sympathetic aspect; the brow was a noble soul-case, and the eyes were dark and penetrating, but the mouth was hard and immobile for any play of expression, while the lower jaw showed something of the strength of obstinacy. She wore her hair in long ringlets, which, falling very much over her face, when seen in profile, suggested the unpleasant idea of blinkers, that harshly cut across the graceful curves of brow and cheek. It was this style of arranging her dark hair that made Mrs. Browning look, not old-fashioned, for that would have given a touch of sentiment, but strangely out of the fashion. Her slight, pretty figure was rather disguised than set off by garments that fell lopping round her; but, thank Heaven! she was entirely and utterly free from the bad taste of the self-styled clever women, who ac-

knowledge themselves to be failures, as women, by aping a masculine style of dress and address.

In conversation Mrs. Browning seemed reserved, with a certain proud aloofness of manner; at the same time there was a listening reticence in her attitude that did not help the playful tossing to and fro of talk. Occasionally she flung her remarks into the midst of the discussion, and such remarks were weighed, measured, and full of sense and purpose. It was evident that Mrs. Browning had not thrown off the habit, acquired in the years of silence in her darkened chamber, of conversing, in a one-sided way, with the best books, which is vastly different from conversing with the best men. "Good talk" has an unexpressed mutual understanding—has a kindling reserve of hidden sympathy, a magnetism as powerful as the earth currents, and, moreover, in the free play of thought from lips that smile and brows that frown there is an equipoise of sense and nonsense, of serious fact and sparkling triviality, an effervescence of nascent wit that can never get itself written down!

I remember speaking with Crabb Robinson about Mrs. Browning; he partly agreed with me, but not entirely. He was not so disappointed as I was with her reserve in conversation; being a great talker himself, he specially valued the gift of silence in others. He found the poetess very interesting and pleasing, and commended her for "taking no opportunity of display, and apparently having no desire."

During this memorable Exhibition year Miss Mitford came up to town to meet her dear friend Mrs. Browning, and found it very surprising to see her with a little boy of her own, and walking about like other people. In his proud joy at her improved health, Mrs. Browning thought her husband talked too much on the subject, and she laughingly said to him: "You needn't talk so much to people of how your wife walked here with you and there with you, as if a wife with a pair of feet was a miracle of nature."

In Mrs. Sutherland Orr's interesting "Life of Robert Browning," she has given some extracts—would that there were more!—from his wife's letters. They are delightful in their spontaneity, and those to Miss Mitford supply some records of their life in Italy, which was henceforth to be their home. In a letter written soon after her marriage, she says, in speaking of her husband:—

The intellect is so little in comparison to all the rest—to the womanly tenderness, the

inexhaustible goodness, the high and noble aspiration of every hour. Temper, spirits, manners — there is not a flaw anywhere. . . . Robert is a warm admirer of Balzac . . . but in a general way he does not appreciate our French people quite with my warmth. He takes too high a standard.

The infatuation displayed by her correspondent Miss Mitford, and by Mrs. Browning herself, for the French and Louis Napoleon — if history forgive the bracketing — was very curious indeed, and shows a twist in the judgment of the female politicians. Miss Mitford, in a letter to Charles Boner, dated 1852, writes: —

Is not Louis Napoleon a fine fellow? . . . Mrs. Browning (who was in Paris at the time) says that the courage and activity shown in the *coup d'état* have never been surpassed. Paris was with him from the first to the last. She tells some capital stories of Emile de Girardin, and says that the prince says of himself that his life will have four phases: one all rashness and imprudence necessary to make his name known, and to make his own faults known to himself; the next, to the combat with, and triumph over, anarchy; the third, the consolidation of France and pacification of Europe; the last, *un coup de pistolet*.

It is curious that neither Louis Napoleon nor his uncle should have had a dramatic ending, but "just have died in the usual way of disease and doctors," as Allan Cunningham said the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons had died, and not, as it was rumored, of broken hearts for love of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had jilted them both.

But to go back to the home life of the Brownings in Italy, as recorded in her letters — and no one can speak with so much assurance of their happiness as herself; she writes from Rome: —

Think what we have done since I last wrote to you. Taken two houses, that is, two apartments, each for six months, resigning the contract. You will set it down to excellent poet's work in the way of domestic economy, but the fault was altogether mine as usual. My husband, to please me, took rooms which I could not be pleased with three days through the absence of sunshine and warmth. . . . So away we came to the blaze of the sun in the Piazza Pitti; . . . I with my remorse, and poor Robert without a single reproach. Any other man a little lower than the angels would have stamped and sworn a little for the mere relief of the thing — but as to *his* being angry with *me* for any cause, except not eating enough dinner, the said sun would turn the wrong way first.

Mrs. Kemble, who saw a great deal of them in Rome, remarked that "Mr.

Browning was the only man she had ever known who behaved like a Christian to his wife."

Well mated as they were, the poet and his wife had, after all, to endure the common lot of poor human nature. With limited means, it was vexing to select an apartment and then "pay away heaps of guineas" to leave it because the windows did not look due south. The soul-cure of happiness had done wonders for Mrs. Browning, but her bodily ailments were too deep-seated for perfect restoration, and in the winters she fell back "to the home-bound conditions of earlier years." In the biography of Robert Browning there is a passage of deep significance, a homily in itself, where Mrs. Orr remarks: —

The deep heart-love, the many-sided intellectual sympathy, preserved their union in rare beauty to the end. But to say that it thus maintained itself as if by magic, without effort of self-sacrifice on his part or of resignation on hers, would be as unjust to the noble qualities of both, as it would be false to assert that its compensating happiness had ever failed them.

In 1852 the Brownings were again in London, and often at Kenyon's, where we occasionally met them: "Kenyon the magnificent," as Browning said he deserved to be called, "for his lavish hospitality and large-hearted benevolence." I must dissent, however, from the words "lavish hospitality;" the great charm of Kenyon's table was the absence of display and superfluity, while everything was of the best and in the best taste. Nearly every American of distinction who visited London was to be met at one time or another at Kenyon's parties; they, I perceived, were very enthusiastic about Robert Browning. His wife, while complaining of the "blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the English public" towards him, was justified in saying that "in America he is a power, a writer, a poet — he is read, he lives in the hearts of the people."

Amongst those of her husband's poems which "lived" specially in Mrs. Browning's heart, it is interesting to know that one of her favorites was the poem, not generally very popular, called "Apparent Failure." The lines are very characteristic of the writer. He describes himself as passing from a gay fête at the Tuileries, to saunter by the banks of the river, when chance impelled him to enter the morgue. The terrible realism of the scene holds the reader reluctant, yet spell-bound — it is branded on the memory; but the heavy

weight of despair is lifted by the poet's sympathetic reverence for the "God-made" men lying so low in death. Believing in the "wide compass," of which life, as we call it, is but a segment, he suffers a ray of divine hope to fall upon the great mystery of evil. In his quality of mercy Browning is without stint, his humanity is never at fault; while, on the contrary, the author of "Aurora Leigh" appears to me to lack somewhat this noble charity, her womanly nature leads her to hate the sinner, and to scold him overmuch. This jarring note, together with the intrusion of some coarseness, which surely is not strength, occurs at times in the book, which has many fine passages and many *longueurs*.

Those are good lines in which she says:—

There's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime,
If once rung on the counter of this world;
Let sinners look to it.

Mrs. Browning's impatient scorn of all narrowness is apt to be in itself narrow. Virtues not of her choice are for mere "frigid use of life." The character of the "Aunt" in her novel in verse is drawn with clever, unsparing irony, but without sympathy for the righteousness of any nature other than her own. Of the "Lady Bountiful" she says:—

She had lived, we'll say,
A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
A quiet life, which was not life at all.

The poor-club exercised her Christian gifts
Of knitting stockings, stitching petticoats,
Because we are of one flesh after all,
And need one flannel (with a proper sense
Of difference in the quality).

Now the gifted Aurora, so the story goes, has no sort of patience with all these book-club charities; she sees another exercise of Christian gifts; she will reform the world with art—with "rhythmic thought,"—good; she has her talent; by all means let her use it, and give us perchance "a heavenward lift;" but when poor Tom's a-cold, the flannel is the thing.

The first part, and by far the most interesting part, of "Aurora Leigh" may be taken as autobiographical. The mental development of the poet's own nature is admirably described. She lived in a world of books, and read, not calculating profits of so much help by so much reading, but plunged

Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth.

Then there came to Aurora, as to every one of us who seeks for the peace which passeth all understanding, some hard swimming through the deeps. She says:—

I lost breath in my soul sometimes,
And cried, "God save me if there's any
God;"
But even so, God saved me; and being
dashed
From error on to error, every turn
Still brought me nearer to the central truth.

The last pages of "Aurora Leigh" were written under the hospitality of Mr. Kenyon's roof, a fact Mrs. Browning mentions in dedicating the volume to him. She says: "I venture to leave in your hands this book, the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered."

Kenyon had lent his house to the Brownings, he being away ill at the Isle of Wight. I had at this time, in the autumn of 1856, more than one opportunity of meeting Mrs. Browning, when circumstances led us to speak on personal and intimate subjects. Our conversation referred to certain matters interesting to Mr. Kenyon, and about which he desired to be informed. Mrs. Browning's plans were to join him later on in the Isle of Wight; and she did so, but her visit was very brief, for our poor friend had become seriously ill. The "apostle of cheerfulness," as we called him, amongst us, was never to return to Devonshire Place, and never more to gather around him the "old familiar faces," as of yore.

A few weeks later I received a copy of "Aurora Leigh;" on the title-page, in the author's own hand, was written, "From Mr. Kenyon." He, the warm-hearted and most generous of friends, died within a fortnight.

It was after the publication of her book, her greatest success, according to the contemporary verdict, and after her return to Florence, that Mrs. Browning, to her husband's intense disgust, took up violently with the so-called "spiritualism" rampant at the time. It is admitted on all sides that this teasing subject was the only occasion of real difference between them in their sixteen years of married life. Mrs. Browning's imagination was stronger than her judgment; this must be allowed. To her then the mysticism that promised new revelations to a soul desiring the evidence

of things not seen, had a peculiar attraction; while to the more masculine intellect of her husband, the alleged "manifestations" were nothing but a "hateful form of foolery."

Mrs. Orr's remarks in her biography of the poet sums up all that need perhaps be said on the subject:—

They might agree to differ as to the abstract merits of spiritualism; but Mr. Browning could not resign himself to his wife's trustful attitude towards some of the individuals who at that moment represented it. . . . He chafed against the public association of her name with theirs. Both his love for, and his pride in, her resented it.

That Mr. Browning's "love for and pride in" his wife remained in its strength to the evening of his days, is shown by the fact of his uncontrolled expression of resentment at a slight to her memory in a letter, published recently, but written thoughtlessly by a hand dead, thirty years before, when the news reached England that the gifted author of "Aurora Leigh" had passed away. Mrs. Browning died in the summer of 1861, at Florence, where she was "lamented with extraordinary demonstrations." "The Italians understood her by an instinct," writes her husband in a letter describing the circumstances of her death, which, like her own last uttered word, was "beautiful." Did she so speak of the human love that had made her life "beautiful," or was that word so emphatic and spiritual—a sign that her poet-soul beheld already the lifting of the veil?

The letter in its entirety belongs to Robert Browning's "Life," and must not be irreverently read elsewhere; enough to say that it is almost unique in its simple pathos, in its depth and intensity of feeling, and is distinctive for the manly expression of the writer's resolve to fulfil his own life "as she would require were she here."

Some friends of mine, who saw a good deal of Mr. Browning in 1865, told me that he used frequently to speak to them of his wife. On one occasion he pointed to a drawing of his study in Casa Guidi, their Florence home, and said: "You see that chair—I sat there waiting to hear of the birth of our child and of her safety." The words were few, but because of their fewness they spoke volumes.

The years went on, the past had wedded the future, in memory and in promise; he, the poet, now lonely, had to fulfil the purpose of his life. The work came to him

almost suddenly, and he thus describes the uplifting of his soul:—

A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
And lights my eye, and lifts me by the hair,
Letting me have my will again with these.

The materials of "The Ring and the Book," collected long before, had been lying dormant, till, as by a flash, he saw their poetic use and purpose. The raw material worked up by the poet into his "greatest constructive achievement," as some critics say, was nothing more or less than a faded manuscript, chanced upon in an old curiosity shop in Florence, bought for the value of eightpence, and found to contain the full records of a Roman murder trial in the seventeenth century. The actualities of life seem generally to have been selected by Mr. Browning for the ground plan of his poetic superstructure. An interesting proof of his method of working came before me a few years since. I was lent by a friend the quite recently published little volume, a very precious volume of "Feristah's Fancies." The author himself had pencilled on its pages various notes, stating when and how such and such thoughts had occurred to him. Against one paragraph was written, "A telegram in the *Times*," adding place and date; three or four other passages were "suggested," if I recollect rightly, by other incidents mentioned in the newspapers, or from some statement in a review, or by an anecdote in an old book of travels long ago stored in the memory. The main idea, as Mrs. Orr remarks, "grew out of a fable by Pilfray, which Mr. Browning read as a boy."

In 1872 I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Browning again. On the occasion of his taking me in to dinner, I made known to him that I, too, was Kenyon's friend. We talked much of the old days in Devonshire Place, and he observed: "It is very pleasant to me to hear Kenyon's name tossing to and fro." Mr. Browning was very intimate at the house where we were dining, and I noticed that one of the servants placed a decanter of port wine near him, offering him no other during dinner. On expressing my surprise at his drinking port, having been so long in Italy, he replied: "It is because I have been so long in Italy that I am tired of their sour wines." In the course of conversation I mentioned that an accident had happened to our gas meter, and that when I left my house the place was in darkness. "I should not be surprised if the same thing occurred to me," said Mr. Browning, "for

my critics tell me there is something very wrong with my metre." The reviews of "The Ring and the Book" were then appearing.

Years before, when they met in Rome, Lockhart had said: "I like Browning, he isn't at all like a damned literary man." I would not presume to say "ditto" to Mr. Lockhart or Mr. Burke, but I don't know how Mr. Browning can be better described than by this forcible remark on what he was not. In conversation he was a many-sided man. I have heard him talk on financial matters as Solomon himself might have spoken had he been a member of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Browning's enthusiasm for Italy did not prevent a feeling of soreness at their taxing his interest coupons. Investors generally have been broken in since then to the doleful fact of seeing their property confiscated. Remarkable for his common-sense "handling of daily life," Mr. Browning contrasted favorably with the poet dreamer of literary history, who can neither keep the Ten Commandments nor his own accounts. He would never have said, as did recently an eclectic Oxford don in his superior tone: "What is the meaning of these lines across the cheque?" The impression made on me by Mr. Browning in his quality of layman, not as poet, was that of a thorough-paced English gentleman, not aristocratic in appearance or even scholarly in manner, and still less a doctrinaire in argument. All the time, this is the same man who in the spirit confidence which a poet gives *only* to his readers, he, with rare eloquence and imperial thought, could report "as a man may of God's work," where "All's love, yet all's law," as seen "in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod."

The social critic is hard to satisfy; what is done, or what is left undone, gives occasion to his cavilling tongue. "What has Browning been doing since his wife's death?" said such an one. "Oh, he has been dining out," was the reply. And why, in the name of all true sentiment, should he not have been dining out? It was enough that during the whole of his married life he devoted all his evenings—without regret or thought of himself—to the companionship of his invalid wife, who could rarely go abroad into society. Mr. Browning, who was now living in London, with no one to claim his evenings, enjoyed society with honest zest, and found himself invited everywhere. The "high thinkers" are not necessarily

"plain livers;" besides, who shall prove that the poet or prose-writer under trial for worldliness, has had the crucial test offered him of a choice between the stalled ox or the dinner of herbs? Those who content themselves with plain living become shy of the fêted diner-out, and insensibly, and without set purpose, there is a drifting apart. The habit of luxury throws a chain round the best of us, and then comes a warning that "the world is too much with us." I remember Mr. Kinglake saying, with the candor peculiar to his humor, "that he for one preferred dining with people who had good glass and china and plenty of servants." Do these nice things always prove an immunity against boredom? If so, then let happiness be gauged by the amount of income-tax, and poets be told to leave off talking nonsense!

A trivial anecdote occurs to me which has nothing to do with the "Countesses" who were supposed to absorb Mr. Browning over-much. It appeared that on one occasion Mr. Browning's son had hired a room in a neighboring house in which to exhibit his pictures. In the temporary absence of the artist, Mr. Browning was doing the honors, the room being half filled with fashionable friends. Mr. Browning was standing near the door, when a visitor, unannounced, made her appearance; he immediately shook hands with the stranger or tried to do so, when she exclaimed: "Oh, I beg your pardon, but please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures." "And I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Browning, with ready courtesy. "Take my arm and I will show you round."

The gondoliers of Venice are supposed to know their Tasso and Ariosto; the following little incident leads to the supposition that Browning's "Ride to Ghent" may possibly be found in the poetic repertory of the London cabmen. A neighbor one day saw Mr. Browning alight from a hansom; the cabby looked at the fare in his open palm with an air of dissatisfaction, and, wheeling round, delivered himself of this parting shot: "You may be a d—d good poet, but you're a bad pay-master."

As time goes on, Browning's poetry proves more and more stimulating to his critics and admirers; both classes are being unconsciously educated by the poet himself. Out of every three who read him, two at least are seized with the desire of explaining him to the rest of the

world. But unless the reader has an assimilating power within him, all these patent digesters do no good. It might be said, as Croker did of Warburton's commentaries on Pope, "Egad, the interpreter is the harder of the two!" *A propos* of Pope, it has been recently remarked that one of Browning's "most striking central ideas" has been anticipated by the earlier poet, where he says:—

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n at fault;

Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment and a point his space:

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind.

Nothing is new! Strictly speaking, nothing can be new in ethics, but every age has its own dialect. It is striking when the above passage from Pope is read in apposition with Browning, to see how immeasurably our contemporary appears beyond him in power of stirring the imagination and uplifting our thoughts to a spiritual conception of things.

It would be very interesting if we knew more of Browning's estimate of other poets. During the not unfrequent opportunities I had of meeting him in society, I never remember his talking of poets or poetry but once, and then the subject was Coleridge. Curiously enough, it was the last time I ever saw him—a circumstance never to be forgotten; it was a few days only before he left London for Italy—never to return! Mr. Browning then seemed remarkably well, and except that he did not bear his shoulders so well thrown back as in earlier years, he was wonderfully little changed. As I said, we spoke of Coleridge, and he evinced some surprise at the interest I expressed in that writer, an interest enhanced by the fact that Coleridge, in his "blossoming time," had dwelt among the Quantock Hills, very near the home of my married life, where many traditions lingered about him, in my young days. Mr. Browning responded to the feeling excited by early and local associations, but I inferred that he held Coleridge's poetry in no great esteem; at the same time, there was an amount of reticence in what he said and left unsaid, that made me doubt whether I was in possession of his opinion. His own distinct originality, and his apparent habit of directly transmuting the materials ob-

tained by reading and experience, in the alembic of his own mind, would probably not incline him to a critical attitude, generally speaking.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the wedded poets withheld all mutual criticism or consultation on each other's work while in manuscript; we are told that neither saw the writings of the other till they appeared in the unalterable form of a printed book. A wise resolve, for a poet, above all others, must preserve his own individuality.

Wordsworth and Coleridge, as we know, began writing "The Ancient Mariner" together, till Wordsworth, finding his friend's "manner so different from his own," gave up the attempt—fortunately, I think all will agree, for each individual mind has his own focus. Browning himself well observes: "When is man strong until he feels alone?"

Perhaps the most characteristic faculty of mind is humor; a touch of this solvent of genius makes the whole world kin, yet it is purely egoistic, belonging strictly to each man's nature. This incomparable character of individual humor was to be found in Mr. Browning's conversation; the wit was there in its most subtle essence; but because of its subtlety, and its peculiar unlikeness to all models of witty speech or thought, difficult to weigh, measure, or to determine in actual quality.

His broader sense of humor must sometimes have been moved, one would think, by the ratiocinations of the "society" which met together to expound his writings while he, the poet-prophet, was yet in the flesh. It chanced that one of those injudicious persons, whose name is Legion, on some occasion pressed through the circle gathered round Mr. Browning, and incontinently asked him to explain there and then a difficult passage in one of his own poems—a passage where probably the masterful thoughts elbowed each other for precedence. "Upon my word, I don't know what it means," said the poet, laughing, as he closed the volume thrust into his hands; "I advise you to ask the 'Browning Society'—they'll tell you all about it."

From The Fortnightly Review.

A HANDFUL OF LEAD.

ON the table before me stands a small silver cup or "quaigh," filled with misshapen lumps and fragments of baser

metal. It is of Scandinavian workmanship, and roughly engraved with devices emblematical of the chase. In the middle of the last century, as the date and name scratched upon it prove, it was owned, and in all probability fashioned, by one Thor Thorsen, some peasant hunter of the Northern wilds, by whom also, we may fairly suppose, it was often drained to celebrate the death of the elk, the bear, or the wolf, or, which is quite as likely, by way of consolation for their escape. Its present contents, themselves once liquid, form when emptied into the palm a small handful of lead, and are the mutilated remnants of modern rifle bullets, which, after finding their billets and fulfilling the purpose of their creation, have been released from active service. Originally the uniform offspring of one mould, they now vary considerably in size and shape. Some appear to have met with but little resistance in penetration, and although bruised and blunted still retain in a great measure their cylindrical form; others bear the strongest miniature resemblance to a battered Tyrolean hat with the crown knocked out; there are flattened fragments like chips from the edge of a broken plate; and vicious-looking deformities, twisted and crumpled out of all recognition, the veritable "ragged lead." So tightly clinched in the cruel amorphism of one of the latter as to have survived the thorough cleansing which it has undergone, are two or three long brown hairs, significant of the missile's passage through the hide of a bear.

Meditating, as I sit in my chair, on these relics, I am transported in mind across the rolling billows of the North Sea, and far up the coast of Norway, to a grand region of fjeld, forest, and lake, now lying silent and desolate beneath the white mantle of winter, to be traversed only by the runner on snowshoes; and happily at all seasons impenetrable except on foot. For there over a couple of thousand square miles are found neither inns, nor stations, nor roads, nor vehicles, nor horses, nor any convenience whatever whereby the ordinary tourist and scenery-seeker might be assisted in his intrusion. Half-a-dozen small homesteads, buried in the wilderness and accessible only by long boat voyages on the larger lakes, or weary travel across the fjelds, contain the inland population, and, together with the same number of private huts, specially built in sequestered glens, afford temporary resting-places to the wandering hunter, whose entire kit and outfit must, in shifting quarters, be carried on the backs of men. There I

have been fortunate enough to secure for myself a hunting-ground, the respectable size of which—about that of the county of Surrey—insures me against any immediate danger of being crowded out; there, during the past season, that handful of lead was expended and recovered; and it is my purpose in this article to take it as my theme, and to try to sketch the circumstances under which some at least of those now *emeriti* veterans performed their deadly duty.

I confess that at eight o'clock on the morning of September the 17th, 1891, when I came out of my hut after an early breakfast, I was in a bad temper and low spirits. In spite of the excellence of my Lapp hunter, Elias, a man of great experience and thoroughly familiar with the country, and of his dog, Passop, the most perfect leash-bound I have ever met with—superior, I am bound to say, even to my own Huy; in spite of the considerable number of elk seen up to date—in all, twenty-five, including cows, calves, and two-year-olds—at these I would not draw trigger; and in spite of hard work day by day from early morn until dusk, I had killed but one bull, and to my sorrow wounded another, which escaped in a dense fog on the high ground, and could never be found again. All things, as in the case of Sisera, had conspired to fight against us. A whole valuable week had been consumed in the search for and vain pursuit of an enormous beast, magnificently horned, who, in the company of an extremely wary cow with a calf, and a younger bull, frequented a wide expanse of open field, and defeated during that time all our efforts to get within shot. At length, with supernatural cunning, he separated himself from his companions, and took up his abode in the large tract whereon I had already slain one of his kindred, and there by operation of the law which forbids the killing of more than one elk on each registered division of the land, was in perfect safety. Two attempts to dislodge him from this sanctuary being unsuccessful, we had to leave him in peace and move on. Therefore, I say, when I came out of my hut on the 17th, I was discontented and dispirited. It had, as usual, been raining all night as it had poured, after two months of splendid summer, ever since the elk season began, and there was not a sign of improvement in the wretched weather; beneath the canopy of dark cloud which rested on the fjeld, the lower pine-clad slopes showed as black as the "invisible green" of the rifle-

man; a chilly breeze, laden with drizzle, ruffled the leaden waters of the lake, whose extremity was veiled by the curtain of another approaching snow-storm; my clothes and boots were still suggestive of their last soaking—on these occasions one's wardrobe is perforce limited—and the boat in which I was about to embark looked abominably damp. Even my four cheery followers, Peter, Johannes, Eric, and the ever-hopeful Nils, accustomed as they were to hard work and hard weather, were somewhat dejected; we were to shift quarters that day, and they had before them a long, wet tramp over the hills, under their heavy burdens. And had the elements been only fairly kind, how delightful would everything have been! The log-hut stood close to the margin of a narrow channel, which connected with a swift current the two divisions of the lake, and commanded from its spacious *altan*, or verandah-porch, a glorious view of the upper sheet of water girt by the terraced hills. The last built, it had been constructed with all the improvements suggested by experience. The lake in front was full of trout and char; game, big and small, abounded in the adjacent forests; nothing was wanting but a little blue sky and sunshine to render it an ideal residence for a sportsman. And yet here was I leaving it with a kind of sullen thankfulness that my next quarters would be in a small farmhouse. All the attractions of its position and the wild beauty of its surroundings were neutralized by the vileness of the weather.

But, be it fair or foul, the hunter whose legal opportunities will be exhausted in forty days must not shirk the obligations of the chase. Artemis is a hard mistress; her votaries, especially those who pursue the elk, must offer, day after day, their resolute homage of action and toil; there must be no slackness in her cult, lest the irate goddess turn from them the light of her countenance, and cause them to miss the best chances of the season. Leaving to the men the task of packing up, and the use of a large watertight boat adapted for the transport of baggage, Elias and I, with the dog Passop, the only member of the party whose spirits seemed unaffected by the weather, entered a small and leaky one, and crossed the lake. My dear Huy, whose vivacity is now tempered by mature age, regarded our departure with melancholy resignation. During the passage the fresh rain-storm overtook us, and increased the dismal tone of my reflections. There is an old song that has been

a favorite of mine from my youth up; I believe that in former years I used to sing it; on occasion I still hum or whistle the air. It begins in this fashion:—

Some love to roam on the dark sea foam,
Where the wild winds whistle free,
But a mountain-land and a chosen band,
And a life in the woods for me!

I thought of it that morning; I reflected with some bitterness that the author, whilst noticing the fact that the sea may be dark and foamy, and the winds thereon wild and free, ignores altogether the possibility of the woods being sodden with rain, the mountain-land shrouded in mist, and the chosen band down upon their luck.

When morning beams on the mountain streams,

Oh! merrily forth we go!

But how if there are no beams of morning? what if the streams are all muddy torrents? How about your merriment then? Under these conditions, my good sir, I think you would be inclined to modify your cheery refrain of Yoho! Yoho-oo! with its prolonged high G.

We landed at the mouth of a very narrow glen, scarcely more than a ravine, and found ourselves forthwith in a copse of birch and alder, with dense undergrowth of tall ferns, sowthistle, sorrel, and other highland herbage. Before we had penetrated thirty yards I was conscious of being moist all over. But this unpleasant consciousness was speedily ousted by the varied signs of wild animal life which revealed themselves in the thicket. There was the spoor of elk to begin with, certainly not more than a few hours old; the markings were those of a cow and calf only, but where a cow is, a bull may be not far off, and hope is happily eternal. Then appeared the signs of a bear that had been feeding on the rank mountain sorrel, very much the reverse of fresh, and difficult to determine by reason of the incessant rain. Then again, all within the same small area, came the traces of a martin-cat, a fox, and an old cock capercaillie. But, for the moment, the tracks of the big game only had any real interest for us. Quitting the thicket, which extended but a short distance from the beach, and was succeeded by thin birchwood, we began to slowly ascend the steep, narrow ravine by the side of its central watercourse, now filled with a foaming torrent; above the tree-tops we could see the inland boundary of the gorge, a smooth wall of black, precipitous rock, shining with wet and crested on its sky-line by a

a bank of motionless grey fog. As we climbed, the fresh elk and old bear tracks always preceded us. About half-way up they separated, the latter crossing the stream and the former still following its course. We imitated the bear; and, after gaining the opposite bank, not without trouble by risky leaps from boulder to boulder, emerged from the wood on to a little open platform, where the inequalities of the rock beneath were overlaid with a carpet of thickest moss, unbroken by bush or stone, and equal in moisture-power to several million sponges. Behind a mound of this matted primeval growth we subsided — my previous sense of universal dampness recurred at that moment — and took out our field-glasses. We were nearly in the centre of the glen; to the right of our platform ledges of rock, crested with brushwood, closed the view abruptly; to the left its edge overhung the bed of the torrent, which, curving round to our front, separated us by a secondary ravine from the final barriers of black cliff and the slopes immediately beneath it. The latter, only a few hundred yards distant, were bare of all trees and covered with sheets of grey boulder *débris* alternating with patches of low vegetation, on which the taller foliage of the angelica was conspicuous even to the naked eye. Intent upon finding elk amongst the birch-scrub on the hill directly opposite, we did not trouble to carefully examine these slopes, where so large an animal could, even if lying down, scarcely fail to be at once visible.

After a long and fruitless search we were shutting up our glasses, when it occurred to me to ask Elias how long he supposed it might be since the bear made the signs we had seen below. The narrow, gloomy gorge seemed to me a haunt so suitable to the beast that I felt he ought, as a matter of duty, to be there. "Fourteen days or more," replied the Lapp, as he rose from the moss; "but after such rain who can say? Nevertheless," he added, in a few seconds, and with his usual low, quiet tone, "there *is* the bear now!" And there he was, sure enough. High on the slope under the black cliff, and, as far as I could guess, between four and five hundred yards away, the carnivorous vegetarian was grubbing about amongst the herbage, looking, as I thought, very small and insignificant. Down dropped the Lapp, out came the glasses again, and we lay flat on our faces to inspect him. Just then an eddying wanton gust, the frequent bane of the

hunter in a mountain land, swept past us round the hollow of the glen and upwards to the black cliff, bearing with it a whiff of humanity as instantaneously caught as is the image by the plate of the camera. We saw the bear raise his head, sniff the air, and then start to run along the slope. "He is aware of us," whispered Elias, "you must shoot at once." "He is a mile off," I murmured, with some excusable exaggeration. "Shoot, nevertheless," urged the Lapp; "shoot! it is the only chance." I felt that it was, and a very poor chance too. The bear had a considerable distance to run before he could reach any covert, and I did not hurry my shot. Resting the rifle, as I lay, on the mound of moss, and putting up the sight for four hundred yards, its longest range, which had more than once done good service, I took the bead full, and, with a most careful aim, pressed the trigger. For all my care I had the least possible expectation of influencing the bear's movements, beyond making him run faster. But, to my surprise, directly after the shot he abandoned his horizontal course, and began to bustle straight down hill in such a headlong, reckless fashion that I dared to indulge a faint belief in his being hit. As this change of direction brought him considerably nearer, I took the sight fine for the second barrel, which was discharged just as he made a momentary halt on a narrow ledge of rock. I believe the bullet to have struck the stone in front of his nose; anyhow, I was intuitively aware at the instant that I had held too far forward. The smoke hung heavily round the muzzle of the rifle on its rest of wet moss, as the bear plunged off the ledge into the bushes below, and thereby losing sight of him altogether as I lay, I rose to my feet to put in fresh cartridges. "Be ready," said Elias, "he is still coming down;" and even as I was closing the breech the Lapp dropped his habitual whisper, and exclaimed almost loudly, "Here he is!" In and out of the ravine, and through the intervening wood, that bear, wounded as he was to the death, must have galloped like a race-horse; and now, as Elias spoke, he broke at the same pace from the covert on to our little platform, apparently charging straight at us. But the sight of two men and a dog — Passop, so steady and mute to elk, but unaccustomed to bear, was barking furiously — caused him to swerve slightly to the left; and he was passing at the distance of fifteen feet, his head and chest slewed round towards me, when I threw up the rifle and fired at him

as one often fires at a rabbit, with a timed snap-shot, and for all the world like the little rabbit when hit well forward, the big beast turned clean head over heels, and lay motionless, stone dead on the instant.

It proved to be a she-bear; but this fact not being ascertainable until after death, I have hitherto used the masculine pronoun, for which I apologize. That having found her way into the little glen along the beach some time before she should have elected to remain there was fortunate; that I should have hit her with the first shot at such a distance whilst running along the slope, was more so; but that she should then have hurried down right into our teeth, was an extraordinary piece of luck not easy to explain. She had had our wind, we were posted conspicuously in the open, the dog was barking. We found that the first bullet had gone clean through her, inflicting injuries that probably incapacitated her from travelling up-hill; but had she taken any other direction, had she even kept on down the little ravine when once in it, she must have escaped for the time and given us a great deal of extra trouble. The last shot had entered in front of the shoulder at the junction of head and chest, and the ragged lead rested against the skin of the opposite side. I acquit her of the faintest original idea of charging. Possibly, as Elias suggested, had she, on reaching the platform, found a single hunter, she might have gone for him; but this is pure conjecture, and I feel that it is not for me, now that she is dead, to unduly criticise her judgment, actions, or intentions. And I also apologize for my contemptuous estimate of her proportions when far up on the hillside—at closer quarters I considered them ample. From the tip of her black nose to the point where a tail ought to have been she measured five feet eight inches, and, if minded to stand on her hind legs, would have attained a stature of well over six feet. No one, observing the powerful, springy gallop with which she covered the deep moss, could doubt that, had her life been spared and had it pleased her to show fight, she might have proved a formidable antagonist. Her skin was in splendid condition, and her body, weighing, as near as could be estimated, three hundred and fifty pounds, was loaded with what Elias assured me was most valuable grease. I will answer for it that a small portion thereof, melted to oil, mingled with whiskey, and applied externally—its coingredient being at the same time used internally—cured me, some days later, of

an incipient attack of rheumatism. In conclusion, she furnished the party with a great deal of doubtless excellent meat, which the majority seemed to enjoy. I have to regret that three of us—Elias, Huy, and myself—with no desire to be intentionally rude, found ourselves unable to appreciate it.

There is strong reason for believing that during the rest of the day the elements behaved as badly as ever; but our success with the bear having dispersed my depression, and caused the psychical barometer to run up instantaneously to "set fair," I ceased to trouble myself about the state of the weather. For aught I knew or cared, it might have been brilliantly fine, or very much the reverse, as, stretched on a luxurious couch of moss—how unjust were my previous suspicions of its dampness!—I smoked my pipe and watched Elias, who, like all Lapps, is an artist with the knife, performing his most needful but somewhat sanguinary task. And has there ever been smoked in the world a pipe more sweet than that which is consumed by a hunter on an occasion like this? Through the blue, fragrant wreaths I gazed upon a picture perfect in its way. The narrow, gloomy gorge, with its steep, birch-clad sides, and glimpses of white, foaming water; the treeless upper slopes, with their grey torrents of stone, and, based on them, the colossal wall of black rock, with its roof of cloud; in the centre, on the one clear space of foreground, a hound couched by a rifle, and a Lapp bending over a dead bear. That day we did no more hunting, but, returning down the glen to the boat, rowed to the beach where the men had landed, and reached our next quarters, the little farmhouse of Skrovstad, early in the afternoon. There was "a kinder boom" in the quiet homestead that evening.

Since I first recorded in the pages of the *Fortnightly* (January, 1888) the experiences of a novice in elk-hunting, it has generally been my lot in the same pursuit, when under the guidance of a native hunter, to trudge for many a weary mile through the depths of the pine forest and the interminable morasses of the comparative lowlands, and to submit to the use of the loose dog. Now, in this mode of hunting everything depends, to begin with, on the courage and staunchness of the hound, who, having found the elk, must stick to him until he either slackens his pace or is brought to bay; after which any novice who can run and shoot fairly, and has coolness and common sense

enough to avoid gross blunders, but neither experience nor knowledge of woodcraft, may achieve success. That it is a noble sport, at times testing to the utmost the quality of both man and hound, cannot be denied; but it affords little scope for any study of the object of the chase, for the niceties of woodcraft, or the art of the stalker. Moreover, in order to avoid disappointing the dog, and perhaps losing him for half the day, it becomes necessary to kill any animal that he has succeeded in stopping. That the hound, to insure his staunchness, *must* have blood, is a rigid maxim amongst the sportsmen of Sweden, where this style of hunting is chiefly practised, and the result in that country is the indiscriminate slaughter of both cows and calves, as well as of young bulls with no honors to speak of. Fortunately, the older bulls are most easily brought to bay — in such a case it is not even necessary to run — but a really good dog will stop anything. Arbitrary custom, based on a sense of dependence on the hound, refuses to the shooter the right of selecting or sparing. This is undoubtedly a great blot on the system, and could only be tolerated in a land where men think far more of the meat than of the sport or trophy.

It had, therefore, given me the greatest satisfaction to find that under the guidance of Elias, who is a master in woodcraft, elk-hunting was in a great degree assimilated to deer-stalking. He was all for pursuing the chase on the highest possible ground. "There are, of course, always elk in the low pine forest," he would say, "and in winter it is full of them; but at this season of the year the place to find and kill them is the high fjeld, or thereabouts." That this dictum was in the main correct is proved by the fact that last season, during thirty-two days' hunting, we sighted — including both sexes and all ages — no fewer than forty-one distinct elk, over two-thirds of which were found on the high terraces and slopes just under the crest of the mountains, or in the quiet dells and hollows of the fjeld itself, where the birch-copse often grew barely high enough to conceal them. They were occasionally seen lying out in the open, like red-deer. The term "high" as applied to the fjeld, is, of course, relative to the general elevation of the country. In my district the hills are grouped in masses of imposing bulk, often divided by deep, precipitous gorges, but in actual height they seldom exceed fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. When, here and there, the

summits reach three thousand, the rolling plateau of the fjeld between them becomes a mere wilderness of grey stone, avoided, or only traversed, by the hunter. It is true that our habitual climb to the high ground made the work harder, and that often whilst crossing the bare summits we were exposed — the weather being such as it was — to the full fury of the elements; but the sense of freedom, of escape from the monotonous tramp beneath a sombre canopy of dripping woods, the occasional rock-climbing and general variety of the march, the ever-changing glimpses of grand, wild scenery, amply compensated for increased exertion and exposure. To me, the fiercest rain that ever fell is less pitiless and disheartening than the vicarious deluge of a thoroughly soaked forest.

Passop, the dog, was never by any chance loosed, but his wonderful nose utilized to the utmost. The perfect understanding between him and his master, and the panther-like progress of the pair whilst stealing on the elk, was a treat to witness. Thanks to my use, for the first time, of shooting-boots furnished with the patent leather and rubber soles, I was able to attain some degree of successful imitation. With these bosses one does not walk, one "incedes" like a phantom. The chink and thud of nails against rock or timber is avoided; there is no jar to the foot, and to ordinary rock surfaces one clings like a fly to the ceiling. Elias wore the thin, leather-soled Lapp *komager*, stuffed with grass, but I firmly believe that his tread was not less audible than mine — I am double his weight — and he certainly slipped more often. Never for wild sporting will I use any other foot-gear. We both carried field-glasses, and habitually used them with much success. This was in itself a pleasant and to me almost novel feature in the sport, for although never without glasses, I had hitherto found them all but useless; I was now frequently able to study the appearance and movements of the deer for some hours. On the open expanse of a delightful fjeld called Grönlien (Greenlea), where there was abundance of pasturage, I remember having the pleasure of watching four separate lots of elk, all in view at the same moment. They were chiefly cows and calves, and there was no bull of any size amongst them, but I fancy that it falls to the lot of few hunters in the north of Scandinavia to enjoy such a sight.

The bear had yet to be skinned, and the pelt and meat brought home. On the fol-

lowing morning, therefore, we trudged back again with Nils and Johannes to the spot where the carcass lay, and, leaving them to do their work, picked up again the spoor of the cow and calf, which we followed past the end of the cliff to the higher terraces of the mountain. These we searched without success until the early afternoon, when we arrived at the mouth of a pass leading through a gap in the crags to the upper fjeld. Here, as Elias had anticipated, the tolerably fresh tracks of several elk, including those of the cow and calf, converged, all making for the open ground above; and here, feeling extremely hungry, and there being a partial lull in the tempestuous weather—the hills were powdered that morning with the first snow—I proposed that we should halt and lunch. But Elias explained that another hour's walk across the fjeld would bring us to the head of what he described as "a little quiet dale, very fortunate for elk," and his proposal was that we should defer our meal until we had reached it. To this, my personal barometer still standing at "set fair," I consented. Once clear of the pass, it was no longer possible, however serene in mind, to treat the outward atmospheric phenomena as altogether unworthy of notice. A bitterly cold half gale was blowing in our teeth, and about every ten minutes there burst upon us fierce squalls laden with heavy sleet, so that in front we were plastered all over with a kind of imperfect freezing mixture. Now and then, when it was difficult to see ten yards ahead, we lay down behind ridges of rock, until the fury of the blast was abated. For all that, I do not remember having once regretted that we were out of the wet forest. At last, during a lull, we sighted the head of the little dale, a deep, dark notch in the fjeld, buttressed with rock and filled with birch scrub. At the bottom a circular patch of grey light, the waters of a tarn, showed like a hole right through the earth or a window in the dusk. Elias, like all true hunters and children of the wilderness, never forgets to be observant and cautious, and is consequently seldom taken by surprise; he is never guilty of careless approach or of throwing away a chance. As a rule, his keen black eyes see all round him; I believe that on entering a room they would not fail to note instinctively what was immediately behind the door as well as in the opposite corner. On the very rare occasions when I caught a glimpse of an elk before he did, I used to feel uncommonly proud. And now, al-

though Passop, as far as I know, had given no signs of game being ahead, he slipped over the edge of the fjeld into a groove between two of the rock buttresses, and peered round the corner of an enormous block into the valley below. I was a few yards behind him, and, I confess, for the moment, not so keen about the chase as I ought to have been; reflecting that now, before searching the valley, we should assuredly get our lunch; that my fingers, despite the woollen gloves I had put on, were decidedly cold; that, as for the sample of weather we were having—my stoical unconcern of twenty-four hours' duration was rapidly dying out—it was without exception the most—here, just in time to save the credit of my equanimity, I saw Elias drop suddenly into the runlet which trickled down the cleft, and begin to open the breech and remove the stopper of the rifle; I had taken out the damp cartridges and given it to him to carry. Having learnt to instantaneously imitate these abrupt movements of the Lapp, I did so now, and quite unnecessarily, being all the time concealed by the high rock, crawled through the water to his side. Then without speech he pointed stealthily over the low brushwood, and about a hundred yards down the slope, which at this point was excessively steep, I saw the broad back of a bull elk quietly feeding. It was clear that the Lapp meant me to shoot, and there was no time to lose. A fresh squall was driving up the valley; the opposite hill and the tarn below were already blotted out, and, although the snow had not yet reached us, the flakes were beginning to cut the dark hide of the elk with white lines. In half a minute he would be invisible. He looked very big and black in the grey light, but as I squatted and took aim with my elbows resting on my knees, I had strong misgivings about the size of his horns; they were, however, partly concealed by the brushwood and his position in feeding. Directly after the crack of the rifle Elias laid his hand gently but firmly on my shoulder, and I knew at once that I had held straight, for thus does he always express his silent congratulations on a good shot. Before the driving snow quite obscured all view I saw that the black mass was no longer erect, but plunging on the ground among the brushwood; at the same moment Elias detected the shadowy form of a second bull disappearing behind a lower ridge. When we had scrambled down we found the elk unable to rise, and the Lapp, gliding in like a cat, seized the

horn and pressed down the huge head with hand and knee; then, knowing the exact spot to the fraction of an inch, he passed in his keen blade without an effort at the junction of spine and neck, and in ten seconds life was extinct. We were now enveloped in a hurricane of whirling snow, and were lucky to find shelter close at hand beneath the projecting slab of an immense mass of rock fallen from the upper cliff. From the edge of this huge eave, the result of cleavage and fully three feet wide, moisture continually dripped; but right under it the rock and moss were absolutely and incredibly dry; and there for a while we made ourselves fairly comfortable, and ate our lunch. When everything is soaking, even the touch of dryness is a positive luxury, be it only the inside of a pocket. Thoroughly grateful was I for such shelter, for the thick woollen jersey—knitted by crofter hands in "the Rosses," in far-off Donegal—the dry cap, and the warm neck-wrapper, all produced from the Rücksack. From the same receptacle came an axe guarded as to its edge by a bit of grooved horn, a scrap of whetstone, some twine, a white flag made of half an old handkerchief, and a small bag of snowy linen.

"Smoke now a little pipe," says Elias, when, after his meal of rye-bread and reindeer cheese, and a drink of cold water—he touches neither spirits nor tobacco—he has piously clasped his hands and moved his lips in a silent grace; "I will to the elk—you can presently come and help me." When I do so, I find him making the first artistic incisions round the hoofs of a very large five-year-old bull, and am, as I expected, disappointed with the horns, which are stunted and misshapen, and of ten points only. Depending from the lower jaw is a fine specimen of the "baton," or long, black beard, exactly like a big fox's brush in shape. This curious and characteristic appendage disappears in older elk, and is replaced by a heavy bunch of coarse hair. On account of it I resolve to preserve the head. To get a full-grown elk into a nice position for the gralloch is a job for two men, although it may be accomplished single-handed. But Elias is always very particular about doing his butcher's work in an artistic manner, and requires the huge carcass to be firmly propped by birchen shores at the right slope, to insure there being no slip or roll during the operation and a free run from stem to stern. A young birch-tree has also to be transformed by lopping with the axe into a

temporary larder, and the breast and other selected portions spiked thereon, to be left till called for. Within the linen bag are deposited the fillet and one or two titbits which the hunter—quite superstitious on the point—always insists on carrying home himself. Whenever, on our approach, that small bundle, white, with ruddy stains, is seen dangling from his hand, there is joy in the camp, notwithstanding the concomitant prospect of severe toil on the morrow. Then, when all is ready for the start, Elias fastens the little white flag to the most conspicuous bough he can find, and produces a couple of sheets of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which I periodically supply him. For even when hunting in the wilds it is pleasant to be in touch with the outer world, and one or other of the men has to travel weekly to the sea in search of the post. All down the slopes and through the lower ravines and woodlands, we leave behind us a conspicuous trail like that of a paper-chase, until, at a spot where the main feeder of the tarn is joined by two tributary rivulets, Elias stops and impales the rest of the paper on a ragged tree-stump. "It is enough," he says, "they can find the elk without me this time;" and then rehearses the directions he will give this evening to the bearers of the slain: "From the farm to Kværn Vand, thence up stream until the three becks meet, then follow the paper to the deer." These precautions are due to the trouble that arose in the finding of the last dead bull. He lay a very long way from camp in so secluded a position that the three bearers, who knew every yard of the country and had been duly instructed by means of my big map—on the scale of an inch to the English mile—as to the whereabouts of the slain, were wandering about for some hours in the forest before Peter stumbled on the carcass. Nils, who accompanied them and did not know the country, put his faith in Huy, who, he declared, would lead him straight up to the quarry. But the little dog was not to be balked of his fun for dead meat; he dragged the weaponless Nils a couple of miles astray, and eventually brought him face to face with a living bull, who for some minutes stood and regarded the pair with calm defiance.

Of the 19th, a blank day of inexpressibly bad weather, during which the unfortunate bearers had to bring home the elk meat, I must omit farther mention, having to brace myself for a dismal narrative of greater interest. On the 20th, being Sunday, it was allowable to lie late abed, in

calm enjoyment of coffee and farm-made cakes, of newspaper and pipe, followed by a deliberate toilet with bath and razor complete. To my surprise and joy, when Nils appeared at eight o'clock with the first-named luxuries, the sun was shining brightly in at the windows, unprovided as they were, according to the custom of pastoral Norway, with either shutter, curtain, or blind. By throwing one open I was able to survey from my pillow an extraordinary range of shattered cliffs, which formed one side of the valley, and nearly overhung the farm. The fallen masses of rock were grouped in most fantastic shapes. With an immense isolated monolith, a hundred feet high, there was connected, as Nils informed me, some local legend having to do with giants and witches. I am inclined to believe that they still exist in that valley, for I made, as I lay in bed, a pencil-sketch of a terrible, crouching monster, with human face and pendant ears, who kept watching me between the stems of the pine-trees. More pleasing, and scarcely less remarkable — for in the forest valleys of Norway bird-life is scarce — was the sight of a feathered assembly feeding on a strip of fallow-ground close to the house. There must have been a dozen magpies, as many common jays, twice as many ring-ouzels, and a large, mixed flock of starlings, fieldfares, redwings, mountain-finches, and wagtails.

After breakfast, as I was admiring, on the other side of the house, a waterfall which tumbles into the vale just opposite the front door, and is grand enough to make the fortune of any district less remote, Elias approached. "That river," said he, "comes out of Skrovdal." Now, Skrovdal was a place that I had set my heart on seeing. On my map it is broadly indicated by a tint three times as black as that of any other gorge, and suggestive of the gloom and profundity which its name also implies. Elias went on to explain that it was easily accessible by a path close to the brink of the waterfall, and continued thence along the bank of the river. We agreed to start at once and explore it. "You cannot shoot an elk there," said the hunter, "for the last was killed on Skrovstad ground; but you had better take the rifle; it is a likely place to meet a bear." When I heard these words I felt sure that a bear we should not see, but in all probability, the finest elk in the north of Europe. The path on the brink of the waterfall consisted in a great measure of single logs supported on stakes driven into the crevices of the slippery,

shelving rock, with a tumbledown rail fence between it and the abyss; altogether, as Elias remarked, an awkward place on a dark night. The approach was promising; but Skrovdal itself was not as I had seen it in my dreams. To begin with, from its lie it was flooded with the noonday sun, and no place could in reason look gloomy under such conditions. Then, although narrow, with high, steep sides, half bushy slope and half precipice, it was bottomed with natural meadows of rich grass, through which the river ran broad and clear, so gentle in current that it seemed incapable of producing the violent cataract we had just passed. The trout were rising merrily, and I began to wish that I had brought a rod instead of a rifle. For about three miles we followed what I must still by courtesy call the path, up the glen, and a very delightful stroll it was. At intervals we sat down to examine the slopes with our glasses. Then, in a pleasant spot, we ate our lunch, and chatted, and I smoked a pipe or two before we rose to retrace our steps.

At this point I begin to hesitate. I feel that I have not the heart to describe in detail the melancholy conclusion of that Sunday stroll. Let the abridgment of the sad tale, as extracted from my diary, suffice. The painfully graphic jottings ran as follows: After lunch, turned back, the wind then in our faces — about half-way to the fos, Passop told us that there was game directly ahead — made sure we should see the biggest elk in the world — Elias went suddenly down on all fours, I followed suit. Had spotted bear feeding like a cow in meadow across river, about a hundred yards off. Owing to hollow meadow and high bank could only see three inches of his back. With idiotic impatience left Elias, who grabbed at my coat-tail and missed it, and tried to gain place for clearer shot. Passop whined, bear put up his head, saw me, turned tail and bolted — jumped to my feet and let off both barrels at his stern — waded river and found no blood on spoor — followed it some way up hill — when it came to hands and knees, Elias said we had better go home, for we should not catch that bear — home accordingly. Savage with self — had I waited must have got clear, easy shot — gloomy place, Skrovdal — rain began again before reaching farm — wretched evening.

Yes; the lead that then whistled from the grooved steel is not in my handful; it found a bloodless grave in the sward of the glen, and added in a trifling degree to

the mineral wealth of the country. That evening there was the reverse of "a boom" at Skrovstad.

The bad weather which my diary, quoted above, records as having recommenced, after a brief lucid interval, on Sunday afternoon, is in full swing again when I rise early on Monday. To-day there is to be another change of quarters, but the men will, I am glad to say, have a fairly easy time of it. They can embark with the luggage close to the farm, drop down the river into the lake, and row all the way to Strömmen, the next halting-place. We who do the hunting start long before them, and are landed a mile away on the bank of the lake, whence, by a circuitous route, we shall make the same point. We begin by a stiff climb up the face of the mountain. Elias, slim and light, generally goes, after the manner of his people, pretty straight at an ascent; but, fortunately for one who is—well, just a trifle less active than he was a great many years ago, the hills in this part of Norway are of "trap" formation, that is to say, they generally rise in a series of giant steps ("*trapper*," *Norsk*) or terraces, whereby the climber gains at intervals a brief spell of fairly level walking. When, despite one's age and infirmities, one is in tolerable condition, it is astonishing what complete and almost instantaneous relief to wind and muscle is obtained by a very few yards on the flat. One begins the next ascent with renewed vigor, and with the inspiring knowledge that such moments of ease will shortly repeat themselves. Our long pull against the collar lands us in a region abounding in wooded dells and rocky basins, which always contain water in one form or another, either as tarn, stream, or swamp. The woods consist chiefly of birch and mountain ash, but dotted over the landscape are a fair number of Scotch firs, and these picturesque trees occasionally mass themselves into small groves. The rocks are for the most part sheep-backed, and significant of their treatment by the ice in very remote ages. Here and there, however, a low range of crags, which seems to have overtopped the universal glacier, and escaped the general grinding down and polishing, stands up boldly, weatherworn, cloven, and splintered, but still defiant of the merciless centuries. Bounded by these crags are fairly level tracts partly clothed with long heather, and partly with the spongiest moss through which the shooting-boot of unfortunate man ever labored. I am positively ashamed to be always querulous

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about the state of the weather, but when a month of thirty days grants only four which may fairly be considered fine, how is it possible to avoid complaint? To-day we halt for the usual hour, and eat our lunch under much the same conditions as those described a few pages back, except that the rock beneath which we crouch affords less shelter, and that we have not killed an elk. We have, however, seen five: a cow and calf lying down under cover of a group of Scotch firs, and three cows feeding together in a covert on the side of a hill. One of these was a remarkable animal—we watched them for a long time with the glass—very light in color, almost a yellow dun, with a black head and, strange to say, a long "baton" beard. Query: was she in a transition state, and assuming with age the characteristics of the male? I had half a mind to shoot her—she was about the ugliest beast I ever saw—and keep her skin as a curiosity, but am right glad before the end of the day that I did not. The afternoon is drawing towards evening when Passop again encourages us by his evident but repressed excitement, and at last leads us up to very fresh and magnificent spoor. There is no doubt about it this time; we are upon the track of a really big bull; the length and spread of the slot is unmistakable evidence. From his devious course it becomes evident that he is restlessly wandering about, probably in search of the cow, but of her we see no signs. After a while, however, his trail is joined and crossed more than once by that of a second animal, which Elias pronounces to be a younger bull. There is also proof of some kind of skirmish; one has chased the other for a short distance, and further relieved his feelings by tearing up the ground and knocking a young fir-tree all to bits. The desire for blood and the hope of success are now strong in Elias; his eyes glitter; he radiates an aura of keenness and stealthiness; I am sympathetically filled with a sense of perfect reliance on his craft and patience, and the unerring instinct of his hound.

The difference is often very striking, irrespective of the mere change of pace, between the movements of elk when ignorant that the hunter is after them, and when they know for certain that he is. In the latter case they will resort to every kind of artifice to hide their trail and baffle the pursuer. This same season I was following for two successive days the tracks of a family—bull, cow, and calf, which we had disturbed. I am inclined to regard

the mother as the inventor of the stratagems by which her offspring, and husband for the time being, profited. Amongst the most remarkable of them were these. The family, to begin with, entered one end of a long, shallow lake on the open moor, and waded, or swam, to the opposite end. A mile or two farther on they made as though they would enter another lake, but on the very margin turned along the stony beach, and thereby gained a causeway, also stony, where their footings were invisible. This causeway they did not follow out, but near the middle of it scrambled down over the boulders to a lower level, whence they described a huge S, the first curve thereof being to leeward of their previous line. They walked very slowly, in three long zigzags, up the face of a hill covered with brushwood, and overlooking a great morass behind them, across which we were bound to pursue. Here they probably sighted us, for at the top they hurried on at a great pace. They descended a range of pine-clad hills in a long slant to a considerable stream, which they pretended to cross. In reality they turned straight back up the bed of it for a couple of hundred yards, and issued therefrom at an acute angle to their former course. Eventually they reached a big river, half canal, half rapid, running out of a rushy lake; and there their footings, clear on the soft bottom near the edge, led into a deep, broad pool, and there, as far as my personal knowledge goes, may the elk be to this day. Carefully all round the lake, and for a considerable distance down both sides of the river did we search, but neither the nose of Passop nor the eyes of Elias could recover the lost trail. The Lapp, however, was sufficiently familiar with the trick, and never doubted that, time permitting, we could have found their place of exit a long way down stream. But it was late on the second day, we were far from home, and were forced to abandon the chase.

The bull we are now after has no suspicions, and is above all such low cunning; his bold trail is easy to follow. The chief danger is that, in his erratic course, he may execute an involuntary flank movement and surprise himself by detecting us. Therefore, as we advance, the Lapp's intense scrutiny, backed by my own efforts, makes every yard of ground safe on either side.

As we are descending the steep bank of a ravine, with the usual stream of considerable size at the bottom, certain unmistakable signs, of the very freshest, warn us that the elk must be close at hand. We

tread like cats, for at the very moment he may be standing to listen. It appears that he has crossed the river; but Passop, whilst acknowledging the spoor to the water's edge, keeps facing the breeze, which is quite favorable and blowing strongly down the ravine, thus showing that he gets the wind direct from the elk himself. Hence, Elias argues, that the bull, after the manner of his kind, when restless and roving, must have recrossed higher up; and examination proves that he is right. The tracks regain our bank close to a densely thick little wood, which lines one side of the ravine from top to bottom for a couple of hundred yards. He is probably in that wood, and to approach him through it without noise is all but impossible. I fancy though, from past experience, that most native hunters, with the leash-hound, if pledged to stalk, would have attempted to do so; nineteen out of twenty, however, would in despair have loosed the dog at once. The genius of Elias is equal to the occasion: "Now," says he, "it is our turn to cross." And sneaking into the river, we wade over, gently and without splashing, on the very tracks of the bull, which are visible through the clear water. At this moment there passes high overhead, in a long, curving line, a flock of several hundred wild geese, whose cackling, not unlike the distant cry of a pack of hounds, had for some time been audible. They doubtless notice what is going on below, and are making remarks on it, but fortunately for us the elk do not understand their language. Up the bank we crawl like serpents, and coil up in a depression at the top, preparatory to searching the wood with our glasses. But there is no need for them; the first glance shows us both bulls, standing some distance apart on the flat, open ground above the upper edge of the thicket; and also assures us that, whilst the one is a good beast with a fair head, the other, who, even as we look stalks majestically along the flats and halts directly opposite, is a bull of the first class—immense in bulk and blue-black in hide, with spreading antlers of a peculiarly bright red. "He is a long way off," I whisper to Elias; "we must try to get nearer." But the Lapp shakes his head. "I dare not try," he answers, "the elk are uneasy, and may be off at any moment; perhaps, if we had time, it might be well to wait, but the light is now failing; will you not put up that long sight which helped us to the bear, and shoot from here?" The four-hundred-yard sight again! To think that my chance of that

grand head over the way must depend on such a shot! "I am certain you will hit him," whispers the Lapp encouragingly, "but lose no time; see, he moves." And, indeed, at that moment the elk advances a few steps and stands again with his full broadside towards us. Now or never it must be. There is a single dead tree in our hollow ambush, which I can reach without rising; against the side of the trunk I firmly press the tips of my fingers and thumb, and steady the rifle on the rest thus obtained. As the crack rings through the ravine, and the smoke flies down wind, I see the bull drop forward like a stumbling horse, but recover himself on the instant, and stand erect. Whilst his companion at once swings round, goes off at best pace across the flat, and disappears, the grand beast opposite never stirs until the second bullet strikes, when he gives a slight lurch and begins to move on, but with such a dragging limp in his off fore leg that I feel pretty sure the shoulder is broken. Elias is not so certain about this: "It may be low down, perhaps in the foot," he says; "he can yet reach the forest and give us much trouble, possibly escape for the night." Accordingly, under pressure, I fire two more shots at long and uncertain range, and without visible result, for the elk has now gained a thin grove of Scotch firs, and is slowly retiring among the stems. Then we hurry down, wade the river regardless of depth, and struggle through the thickets up the opposite bank. This kind of thing is not conducive to good shooting, and the light is getting worse every moment, but of the three cartridges I expend at the form of the retreating monster, who contrives to shuffle along at a somewhat better pace, I hear at least one tell loudly. Seven shots, and he is not down yet! as I tell Elias, I have but two more in my pouch. "We must head him," says the Lapp shortly. And off we go, swinging round in a considerable circuit, to find that the bull has suddenly disappeared. He must have dropped at last; and, sure enough, by careful search we detect one great red horn standing out from the broken ground. We approach with some boldness, believing caution to be now unnecessary, but all is not yet over; the prostrate bull hears us and raises his head. This time I am determined to end his sufferings — which, with all the ardor of the chase upon me, cut me, I declare, to the heart — and when within fifty yards I aim as well as the light will permit me at a mortal spot in the neck; but just as I press the trigger he

regains his feet with a convulsive plunge, and my penultimate bullet misses him altogether. Then, as he scrambles off again, I run in and give him the last shot at close quarters right behind the shoulder. He halts at once, but to my consternation still keeps his legs. How are we to finish the tragedy? how is this monstrous vitality to be overcome? I cast myself and rifle despairingly on the heather, and appeal to Elias, who remains expressively mute. But the end is at length near. The gallant bull tries to ascend a low bank by which he is standing, fails in the attempt, staggers back, topples slowly over with a heavy crash, and lies before us in the majesty of death.

He is a beast of enormous bulk, probably about twelve years old, and in the prime of condition; for he has not yet entered upon that long period of complete fasting when the tender passion is tyrannically and exclusively dominant in the soul of a bull elk. The horns are heavy and yet graceful, symmetrical in their wide sweep, and without too much palmaria; one has twelve and the other has eleven points — twenty-three in all. The entire weight of the uncleaned carcass is difficult to estimate, but it must be considerably over a thousand pounds; a single haunch is afterwards found to turn the scale at a hundred and forty. It appears that the first shot struck the very centre of the off shoulder, breaking the bone, and the hide reveals four other holes and a graze. I endeavor to illuminate the finishing touches of the gralloch by the aid of a few vesta-fuses; and I shall not in a hurry forget our long tramp that evening over the roughest ground and in nearly total darkness, nor my relief when the ruddy stars of light in the homestead, visible far up the side of the mountain, broaden into distinct windows, and we hear

the honest watch-dog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.

I have a good deal more to say in connection with the handful of lead, which, perhaps fortunately, cannot be told for want of space; otherwise, I might relate how we lay at Hænde, by the river of pearls, and followed the chase on the slopes of Ambudal and Roiklefjeld; how, by Langotuva, I slew the bull who for half the day was in view but unapproachable; how I wounded the Troid-elk, the king of all the bulls, who for twenty years had shed his horns in the woods under the Black Fjeld, nigh to Brixelli of the three lakes,

and who afterward ran many miles up and down steep places and swam the straits, thereby clearly proving his real invulnerability; and finally, how on the very last day General Elias executed a brilliant forced march, outmanœuvred the elk, who were retreating down wind, and enabled me to kill from the top of a cliff—this time with a single bullet—another patriarch of grand proportions. The history, then, of these further adventures, whereof some, as here hinted at, may appear to verge on the fabulous, must for the present remain unwritten; but, as I lay down my pen, there arises in me a great longing and hope that when the cold, white mantle shall have once more vanished from the hills of Norway, when the bear has crept out from his winter lair, and the elk has renewed his horns; when the crow of the ryper is heard on the high fjeld, and the wail of the loons on the lonely tarn; when the trout are rising in the stream, and the salmon plunging in the pool, I may again find myself in that grand region of the North, and fill my mind with memories yet more pleasant—especially as regards the weather—than those which I have been attempting to describe.

HENRY POTTINGER.

From The Nineteenth Century.
OUR MINOR POETS.

ADMIRERS of "Tristram Shandy" will recall with pleasure that delightful touch of humorously minute observation with which Sterne has exposed My Uncle Toby's imperfect acquaintance with the spiritual privileges of the Catholic.

Pray how many sacraments have you in all (said he), for I always forget? Seven answered Dr. Slop. Humph! said my Uncle Toby, though not accented as a note of acquiescence, but as an interjection of that particular species of surprise, when a man on looking into a drawer finds more of a thing than he expected. Humph! said my Uncle Toby. Dr. Slop, who had an ear, understood my Uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.

Here, however, we may well believe that it was only the quick polemical jealousy of the little doctor which found anything in the nature of a challenge in his companion's tone. It is a tone, indeed, with which we are all familiar enough; as, from the subjective side, we also are with the subdued and almost neutral emotion which it expresses—an emotion which

is neither pleasurable nor painful, nor even acute enough, perhaps, to deserve Sterne's description as surprise, but is simply the slight internal disturbance caused by a sudden and unexpected necessity of mental readjustment. It is not to be supposed that Captain Shandy had any preconceived theory as to the reasonable numerical strength of a body of sacraments, still less that that most amiable and tolerant of mortals intended to suggest that the Church of Rome was supplied with them in excess. It was merely that, as a matter of fact, he did not know that the sacraments acknowledged in that particular communion ran to as many as seven, and a momentary mental readjustment, the effects of which were faintly traceable in the inflection of his voice, became necessary to accommodate his mind to the reception of the number.

I have referred to this mental experience of the worthy captain's because it seems to me probable that it will more or less nearly reproduce itself in the mind of the British public when they are told that we have among us at this moment upwards of sixty poets. That it will be in the above qualified sense of the word a "surprise" to them to hear this—that they will have found more of the particular article of poetry "in the drawer" of the national literature than they expected, I feel pretty sure. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, since they trouble themselves for the most part as little about poetry as Captain Shandy did about the Catholic sacraments? At the same time, I quite believe that their attitude towards their discovery will be as absolutely neutral as was his towards his own. They will be neither glad nor sorry to know that they have enough poets to make an academy and a half; that they might appoint the works of a different poet to be read on each week in the year, with an extra one for every bank holiday, and still keep a small reserve in hand against such contingencies as days of public rejoicing or penance; and that, in short—if we are to seek a parallel to My Uncle Toby's experience in the theological order of information—to examine the list of our national bards is as though a man accustomed to the comparatively modest code of Anglican formularies should discover that the Thirty-nine Articles had nearly doubled their number. The British public, I say, will in all probability be neither glad nor sorry to be informed of the exceeding great multitude of their poets. Were they twice, or even thrice, as numerous,

my impression is that the British public would be neither sorry nor glad. As it is, their feelings, it is to be expected, will find perfectly adequate and satisfying vent in the observation that they "shouldn't have thought there were so many." And, after all, if there were twice as many, they could say no more than that.

Let me, however, at once admit that "it takes all sorts to make" a British public, and that what has been said above of the vast majority of that body would be in no sense true of a small minority thereof. A small minority would rejoice — whether wisely or unwisely we will consider hereafter — in the discovery that we possessed such an array of poets; but they will insist, I have no doubt, on regarding it as "too good to be true." What do you call a poet? they will ask distrustfully; and if I were weak enough to be drawn into a definition, they would follow up their first question with the still more formidable one, *Whom* do you call a poet? an inquiry from which the primitive human instinct of self-preservation would induce any prudent man to seek refuge in a change of subject.

There is another difficulty, too, of which account must be taken. A friend to whom I ventured to submit the supposedly inspiring statistics above quoted, disconcerted me with the abrupt inquiry, "Do you reckon minor poets?" I asked for time to consider the question; and I am only now but doubtfully prepared with my reply. The position is an even more delicate one than that of the undergraduate who refused in his divinity examination to "draw invidious distinctions" between the Hebrew prophets. For without disrespect to the authors of the prophetic books of the Old Testament from Hosea to Malachi inclusive, it may at least be pleaded that the nomenclature which distinguishes their works from those of the four writers who precede them in the canon, has at least the sanction of authority, whereas no such authoritative division of poets into major and minor has ever existed. At the same time, one knows — almost by instinct as it were — that there must be a difference of this description among our English bards; that some of them are in fact majors and some minors; and even — though here we are getting, perhaps, on dangerous ground — that the number of the latter appreciably exceeds that of the former. It might conceivably be possible to arrange them, if not in order of merit as in a Cambridge tripos, at any rate in orders of merit as in an

Oxford class list; and it is within the power of the imagination — for of what is that soaring faculty incapable? — to conceive of the tuneful choir as harmonious in their approval of the award. But I do not propose to embark on my own account in any such perilous adventure. It is not necessary to the few observations I am about to make that I should do so; and if it had been I should have unhesitatingly left those observations unuttered.

It may be said, however, that without some attempt to discriminate among our poets — without some effort to appraise their respective degrees of merit — the careful statistician can have no security that I have not included in the list I am about to subjoin a certain number of writers in rhyme and measure who are not poets at all. "Unless you go into the question of quality, how and where," the careful statistician may ask me, "will you draw the line? What is to prevent you from including among the poets the inspired singer of the virtues of the soap, the pill, and the dentifrice, or the author of the 'words that burn' in the motto of the Christmas cracker?" The question is a fair one, and I will answer it in due time. If the careful statistician will for the present be content to take my list of sixty-six poets on provisional trust, I will afterwards explain the principle which I have followed in enumerating them. It is quite possible — nay, probable, if not certain — that the list is incomplete; but I will give reasons for believing that it is not redundant. There may be more than sixty-six, but I claim to have at least made out that number, without including "poets" either of the advertisement or of the bonbon.

One word as to the arrangement. I have ventured to treat Lord Tennyson as in the French phrase *hors concours*, and to place his name by itself; a step which — at any rate, if considered merely as a tribute to his official position as poet laureate — should excite no jealousy. The names of the other poets I have, after mature consideration and acting on the advice of friends whose judgment I respect, arranged in strict alphabetical order. They are as follows: —

Arnold, Sir E.
Austin, Alfred
Barlow, George
Beeching, H. C.
Bevington, Louisa
Blaikie, J. A.
Blind, Mathilde
Blunt, Wilfrid

Bridges, Robert
Brooke, Stopford
Buchanan, Robert
Clarke, Herbert
De Vere, Aubrey
Dobson, Austin
Dowden, Edward
Fane, Violet

Freeland, William
 Garnett, Richard
 Gosse, Edmund
 Hake, T. Gordon
 Hamilton, Eugene Lee
 Henley, W. E.
 Holmes, E. G. A.
 Ingelow, Jean
 Kemble, Frances A.
 (Mrs. Butler)
 Lang, Andrew
 Lefroy, E. C.
 Locker-Lampson, F.
 Mackay, Eric
 Marzials, Frank
 Meredith, George
 Meynell, Alice (Mrs.)
 Monkhouse, Cosmo
 Morris, L.
 Morris, W.
 Myers, E.
 Myers, F. W. II.
 Nichol, John
 Noel, Roden
 Palgrave, F.
 Patmore, Coventry
 Payne, John

Pollock, W. H.
 Raffalovich, M. A.
 Rawnsley, H. D.
 Robinson, A. Mary F.
 (Mme. Darmesteter)
 Rodd, Rennell
 Rossetti, Christina
 Rossetti, W. M.
 Sharp, William
 Simcox, G. A.
 Stevenson, R. L.
 Swinburne, A. C.
 Symonds, J. A.
 Tennyson, Frederick
 Todhunter, J.
 Tomson, Graham
 (Mrs.)
 Tynan, Katherine
 Waddington, Samuel
 Watson, William
 Watts, Theodore
 Webster, Augusta
 Wilde, Oscar
 Woods, Margaret
 (Mrs.)
 Yeats, W. B.

Sixty-five, and Lord Tennyson makes sixty-six. It is a goodly list, it will be admitted. And now to show that they are all poets.

To begin with, besides Lord Tennyson, some two or three of them (whose names, however, nothing shall induce me to mention) would have ranked as poets of the first order in any age of our literature. That reduces the list to sixty-two. Then comes a round dozen of others, whom also I prefer to leave undesignated, but who I contend, as I believe it will be contended by most people — at least as to the dozen of their own selection — would have been recognized at any period in which English taste was in a sound condition as poets, if not of supreme power, at any rate of very high eminence. This leaves us with fifty singers, who, if poets at all, may without undue temerity be described as minor poets.

It will hardly, I suspect, be necessary for me to construct any very elaborate system of argumentative earthworks for the fortification of the adjective. Except, perhaps, among the poets themselves, it is around the substantive that the battle will for the most part rage. There will be far less readiness to admit that the fifty are poets than that they are minor; and it is with the proof of the former proposition alone that I need concern myself.

It appears to me that there are two ways of establishing it. In the first place the *onus probandi* might, I think, be legitimately shifted to the shoulders of the ob-

jector, who should be called upon to reply to the question: If they are not poets, what are they? Should he answer, "Correct and agreeable writers of verse," the rejoinder is ready that of these we possess not fifty, but five hundred — nay, for aught I know, five thousand; and that the fifty have in fact singled themselves out from the five hundred or the five thousand by very virtue of having displayed, some in a greater some in a less degree, their possession of a share of those qualities which distinguish major poets, universally acknowledged as such. The qualities which the minor poets thus display are, it is true, of varying importance and unequal value. Sometimes, though rarely, they are qualities of thought; much more often, they are qualities of feeling; most often of all, they are qualities of expression. But the point is that they are qualities — whether of thought, feeling, or expression — which another and vastly larger body of writers in rhyme and metre *never display at all*. The difference between those who do, and those who do not, display them is so vital, and to any one of critical sensibility so well marked, that in the mere interests of correct classification these two obvious distinct species of the genus "metrist" should have different names. To lump the former with the latter under the common appellation of mere verse-maker is deplorably unscientific. They ought at least to be otherwise described, and how are we to describe them otherwise if we are not to call them "poets"?

There is no need, however, to lay undue stress on what may be merely an accidental defect of language. Even if a name signifying something more than a verse-maker and something less than a poet were to be invented for them, the fifty, it may be contended, would be quite justified in repudiating it. Their claim to the title of poet is a positive and not a negative one, and they have a right to it on better grounds than that of the mere difficulty of fitting them with any other. Whether as "majores" or "minores," they are all, they may say, of the same divine family, and they may insist on being addressed by the family name. If they possess the authentic birth marks they are entitled to admission into the household, irrespectively of all question of the vigor of their vitality or the inches of their stature.

But the scientific recognition of the species minor poet may, perhaps, be taken for granted. Few literary zoologists will be so perverse as to dispute the existence

of a class of bards whose true affinities are with the genus poet, but who yet cannot be reckoned among its greater members. They will admit that the minor poet is an animal to be found among our literary fauna, but they will stick at my estimate of the numbers in which he "occurs." Fifty minor poets! *C'est un peu trop fort*, they will be apt to exclaim, and I shall doubtless be invited to revise the foregoing list, and might even possibly be called upon to defend the title of a considerable number of the fifty to a place therein. To any such call, however, there will be no need for me to respond. It is not at all necessary to my case that I should guarantee the correct composition of the list, so long as I am prepared to attest the accuracy of its number. And this I am fully prepared to do—to the extent, at any rate, of a statutory declaration that the proper number has not been exceeded. It is quite possible that some few of these fifty names might be struck out "on a scrutiny." Two or three of them, it may perhaps be said, have illicitly found their way to the *fauteuil* of the minor poet, and should be sent back again to sit with the mere verse-makers in the pit. Of one or two others, it may possibly be contended that their pretensions, their popularity, and the scale of their work are such that they must be major poets or nothing; that they are certainly not minor poets; and that therefore—but it is unnecessary to follow out the syllogism to its painful but strictly regular conclusion. Yet even if five or six—nay, even if ten or twelve—names should have to be deducted from the fifty on these two accounts, their places could be supplied in a moment. In addition to our two or three supreme poets, I reckoned, it may be remembered, the major poets at a round dozen, without any abatement for possible error. It may well be that this estimate is too large, and that half the vacated *cadres* of the minor poets who have been degraded to the ranks of mere verse-makers, would be at once refilled by major poets, who have been deprived, as the result of a stricter inquiry, of their "brevet" honors. The company of minor poets, however, does not depend upon them for its strength. The five or six, the ten or twelve, names which a severer critic might strike out of my list, could be replaced, and more than replaced, by additions which a more widely read critic would doubtless find it easy to make to it.

I do not pretend to have kept abreast of the flood of new verse which pours con-

tinuously from the press, and therefore I do not for a moment presume to think that no new poet has escaped my notice. On the contrary, I feel confident that one or two omnilegent critics, with whom I am acquainted, could easily reinforce my list by quite as many unreckoned names as the sternest of their brethren could strike off my reckoning. For aught I know, indeed, the result of an application to one of these experts would have been to add considerably to the length of the catalogue. "Oh come!" he might only too probably have said to me, "if you seriously mean to count Alpher, Beater, and Gammer as poets, then I insist on your recognizing the structural perfection of young Capper's sonnets, the daring note of passion which has been sounded in the love lyrics of Miss Phi, and the ardent Celtic imagination which glows in every poem of O'Meggar's." So far, in fact, from cavilling at the length of the poetic muster roll, the sceptical critic should rather "stand astonished at a moderation" which has confined it within its present bounds. I have let him off with fifty minor poets, when it would perhaps have been easy to add another score.

Contenting ourselves, however, with the smaller number, and allowing for a certain percentage of names for which others might have to be substituted, we are entitled, I contend, to boast the possession of at least half a hundred writers, who, leaving thought and feeling out of the account, and putting their gift or their accomplishment at its lowest, are able to speak to us in the veritable and authentic language of the poet. What may be the inward insignificance and value of this power, I will not now pause to inquire; but that considered solely from an external point of view, its frequency of occurrence represents an extraordinary advance in the mastery of "form" during the last twenty years or so, is a proposition which no competent critic of poetry will for an instant dispute. There has been nothing to compare with it in any former age. To descend below the level of the dozen or half-dozen men of poetic genius who have adorned any bygone era of English letters, is to feel as if you had been kicked down a lofty flight of steps and had alighted in the poet's corner of an obscure provincial newspaper. There seems to have been no halting-place between the summit of Parnassus and the flattest flats of commonplace. On the mountain-top there dwelt a small but distinguished population who uttered the thoughts of the

poet in the poet's language, but the descending slope was exclusively occupied by a people who gave utterance to obvious thoughts and lukewarm emotions in a dialect which differed only in the rhythm of its divisions and the occasional jingle of the final syllables from the prose of the plain beneath. Nowadays, the tongue spoken on the summit is spoken also on the slope; and though the thoughts and feelings expressed in it may change from level to level like the vegetation of a descended mountain, we may recognize the true accents of the language down almost to its very base.

No one who desires to listen to this language from the lips of a new speaker need wait long for the opportunity. Every fresh batch of "poems," genuine or so called, that the publishing season brings forth is sure to yield something to supply his want; it is hardly too much to say that a full ten per cent. of them, whatever their other merits or demerits, are at least written in the genuine language. It is a good many years since the laureate complained in the bitterness of his heart that all could raise the flower now, since all had got the seed; and the poetic horticulture which he thus deprecated has gone on with increasing briskness ever since. Consider for a moment this product of the industry in question, exhibited only a year ago:—

But Mercian rivers calm and deep,
Down levels, white with clover, steal
Over the ancient mill dam steep,
Above the miller's busy wheel
While, imperturbable and slow,
Among the flowers the barges go.

Who dived the immemorial road
Where all the homing swallows meet?
With willow-wort its margin sowed,
And led through miles of meadow-sweet?
Who clothed with light and sombre tide
Whereon the anchored lilies ride?

Fair are the plains—to memory fair—
The wide horizon clear and large,
The breezy space, the ample air,
The wind-swept sedge, the willowed marge.
Where Avon feels a doubtful way,
Among the meadows sweet with hay.

And fair it was at set of sun,
Our keel upon that glassy floor,
To hear, where other sound was none,
The lifting of the rhythmic oar,—
A holy silence near and far,
And in the south a trembling star.

You cannot get—you could not want to get—much nearer to Lord Tennyson's mere manner than that. And yet it is not

even written by one of the fifty! Nay, I do not even know the initials of the author. They may be either "M. E." or "J. S.," for it is taken from a volume of poems entitled "*Songs of Siluria*," and produced by these two pairs of letters in collaboration.

But it is not only the manner of the moderns that the minor poet has mastered. Listen to this echo from the late sixteenth, or early seventeenth, century. It is the *cri du cœur* of a prisoner who has just entered his prison house; and it is only one among a series of striking sonnets which he dedicated to his captivity:

Naked I came into the world of pleasure,
And naked come I to this house of pain,
Here at the gate I lay down my life's treasure,
My pride, my garments, and my name with men.

The world and I henceforth shall be as twain,
No sound of me shall pierce for good or ill
These walls of grief. Nor shall I hear the
vain
Laughter and tears of those who love me still.

Within what new life waits me? Little ease,
Cold lying, hunger, nights to wakefulness;
Harsh orders given, no voice to soothe or
please,

Poor thieves for friends, for books rules
meaningless;
This is the grave—nay, hell. Yet Lord of
Might,
Still in Thy Light my spirit shall see light.

Those who do not remember by whom and in what circumstances the above sonnet was written and published shall not be reminded by me. To mention the name of the author and the impulse of his muse would be to awaken memories of resentment or amusement, according to his politics, in the mind of the reader; and the lines ought neither to have the unfair benefit of association with the former emotion, nor to suffer unjustly from a revival of the latter. Imagine them to be from the hand of some captive of whose offence, and of whose gaolers, you know nothing; and then say whether, in their fine simplicity, their gravity, their dignity—nay, in their very *naïveté* and occasional roughnesses—they do not read like the genuine Elizabethan article. A connoisseur might possibly detect the modern metrist in the linear separation of adjective from substantive in the seventh and eighth lines of the octave, but otherwise the manner surely has been faultlessly preserved.

One more example—an example taken honestly at random on the *Sors Virgiliana* principle—from Mr. W. Sharp's excellently edited little volume of "Sonnets

of the Century." The paper-knife has entered between pages 70 and 71, and here is the sonnet on the former page :—

A lonely way, and as I went my eyes
 Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet
 things,
 Lush-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and
 clings
 In loose deep hedges, where the primrose lies
 In her own fairness, buried blooms surprise
 The plunderer bee, and stop his murmur-
 ings,
 And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
 Outstartle small blue speckled butterflies.
 Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
 My whole heart long; I loved each sepa-
 rate flower
 Kneeling. I looked up suddenly. Dear
 God!
 There stretched the shining plain for many a
 mile;
 The mountains rose with what invincible
 power!
 And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

The paper-knife, it is true, has here had a little luck. For the author of this is a man of mark in literature and scholarship, a professor of (I think) *belles-lettres*, and an accomplished critic; and even with these advantages it is possible that he could not have written it exactly as he has had he not been assisted by another poet, whose name, as he has now been some years dead, there can be no reason for concealing—I mean Mr. Wordsworth. This, however, may be partly due, it is fair to admit, to the irresistible associations of the subject; for when in these days you attempt to sing of the spring, the sky, and the mountains, Wordsworth is apt to treat you in the unceremonious fashion in which nature is said to have treated him; he "takes the pen from your hand and writes." Moreover, the poet last quoted from, and many others, are only now and then directly imitative. Much more often they succeed in displaying that general mastery of the poetic language which does not in the least imply mimicry of any individual master.

Nor is it—and this is the most notable circumstance of the recent multiplication of poets—nor is it a question of language alone. It is not merely that there has been a remarkable increase in the number of accomplished practitioners of a most difficult and delicate art; it is not merely that that highest and subtlest sense of literary form which is the first and most distinctive attribute of the poet has undergone an extraordinary diffusion; it is that a vastly larger body of educated men and women among us—vastly larger, I mean,

even relatively to the growth of the population—than have ever before proved themselves to possess the poet's penetrating eye for objective beauty, the poet's acute sensibility to subjective impressions, the poet's sympathy with human moods, the poet's insight into the human heart, have given and are giving proof of one or other or all of these faculties in forms unmistakable, if, of course, in unequal degrees. If it be at once the function and the test of "the singer" to interpret to the songless their own emotions raised to a higher power, and to render to them the impressions of their senses in a more intense and vivid form, while at the same time combining the mental exaltation thus produced with the delight always given by skill of artistry, and with the charm that dwells in melody of sound—then it may most assuredly be affirmed that never has this England of ours been so full of song. All the year round it is more or less vocal, but at what answers to the bird's spring-time—the November book season—the "airs and sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not" are so abundant as to turn it into a Prospero's enchanted isle. And the tuneful choir is beyond all doubt increasing steadily. If our minor poets have trebled themselves during the last twenty years, for all we know they may reach a hundred before the century is out. And why should they stop there, or anywhere near there? If a hundred, why not two, three, five—or, before we complete another half-century, a thousand? Nobody can say why not. Nobody can give a reason for believing that there is any assignable limit to the multiplication of minor poets. Yet everybody, I imagine, who thinks at all seriously about the matter must wish he could.

For it is clear that if the output of poetry is capable of being increased indefinitely, there is no escape from the miserable dilemma that either the poetic art is an affair of talent and not of genius, or that genius itself is not the great matter we had supposed it to be—except to that versatile and vivacious writer who has recently discovered that genius is in these days as common as the blackberry, and who rejoices in that dreary belief like the consistent democrat he is. I know not which of the two "horns" should seem the more repellent. For a long time past we have been visibly drawing nearer and nearer to the day when to be a "child of the Muses" would be the only recognized form of aristocratic descent; and if the process of adoption into that family is

to go on at its present rate, we shall soon be left without even that one blessed relief to the desolating monotony of the equal state.

Under the reign of the older, and now deposed, political economy, we might perhaps have found some consolation in the thought that the growth of poetry would be limited by the operation of the law of supply and demand. But the universality of that law has of late years been vehemently questioned; and there is no denying that the very phenomenon we are considering has systematically set it at naught. For it would be understating the case to say that the supply of poetry in this country is in excess of the demand. Poetry has come into existence independently of it; it has flourished in defiance of it; it bids fair to flourish yet more luxuriantly without the slightest encouragement from it. It has already been said that the great British public do not know the number of their poets and do not care. There are no signs of the approach of a day when they will care. Why should they, when they do not care for poetry? They keep a place on their shelves, or — when the covers of the volumes are “decorative” — on their drawing-room tables for the works of one or two poets whom they conceive it to be their duty to admire; but for poetry itself they care nothing. They do not buy it; they do not read it. They do not even buy it as they do the “gift-book poets” aforesaid, without reading it; or read it, as they do the last new novel, without buying it. And all the while the poets go on producing and multiplying — producing fresh works and multiplying themselves — with as enthusiastic an industry as if the former process were as profitable as the production of a shilling shocker that “catches on,” and the latter the most satisfactory answer to the question, “What to do with our boys?” The economical outlook of the situation is, it is unnecessary to say, extremely grave. There seems to be no possibility — or, at any rate, no immediate likelihood — of creating such a demand for poetry among the English public as might ultimately overtake or even approach the supply; yet the numbers who are “crowding into the business” are growing every day. And this, too, at a time when prudent men of letters are becoming more and more sensible of the soundness of Sir Walter’s warning to young writers not to turn that “good staff,” the pen, into a “bad crutch,” and are more and more chary of making it

their sole means of support. It is understood to be not so much on prudential as on hygienic grounds that one of the most delightful of contemporary English novelists has for years combined the practice of his art with the industry of market-gardening; but it would be an excellent example for the minor poet to follow; and to think of Mr. Blackmore amid his fruit and vegetables at Teddington is to feel a keener compassion for those bright and impulsive youths who plunge annually into a far more precarious branch of the profession of letters, without so much as a bed of mustard and cress to fall back upon.

Still this, after all, is a matter which concerns only a single if interesting class. The relations between the producer and the consumer of poetry must, here as elsewhere, be left to adjust themselves; and in time, no doubt, after that inevitable period of distress which attends all great industrial displacements, the economical surplus of poets will be drafted off into other crafts and markets — many perhaps into the City share market, where the gift of imagination has still its pecuniary value. But it is only, as I have already pointed out, to an infinitesimally small fraction that these economical laws apply; the remainder will continue to increase, and quite possibly at a rate of growth even more rapid than that conjecturally assigned to them above. The average Englishman, no doubt, views the phenomenon with indifference. He would probably point out to you, if he has a turn for statistics, that there can be no immediate cause for anxiety, since, after all, there is as yet not much more than one minor poet to every million of the population. But the thoughtful have long regarded the prospect with uneasiness. That fact is significantly illustrated by the behavior of the conductors of a certain English weekly journal of high seriousness and culture, who have for some time ceased to welcome in their columns the appearance of every new poet. Some have explained the discontinuance of the practice by suggesting that the immense number of such arrivals has at last convinced these critics that they had been mistaking mere verse-makers for minor if not for major poets. My own belief is that they think them just as much poets as ever, but are too appalled by their number to go on counting; for they still keep an eye on the performances of dogs. I cannot but think that even their sturdy optimism has been staggered by the thought that the highest distinction

of the human spirit was on the way to become a common possession of the race, and that, with the effacement of this last element of variety in life, we should be actually in sight of that dreary Utopia of Mr. Bellamy's which has enabled some of us to look with a new and more indulgent eye on Schopenhauer's theory of the consummation of the "world-process" in universal suicide. H. D. TRAILL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
AN ESTIMATE OF MOZART.

(29th January, 1756—5th December, 1791.)

THE attention of the world, or that portion of it which calls itself musical, is turned just now towards one great name in music, whose universality of genius is not less marvellous than his extraordinary industry and influence—that veritable prince of harmony, Mozart. Just a hundred years ago the earth closed forever over the eyes of this paramount son of art, whose music was destined to reach all lands—albeit the tragically sad end, the scanty death-chamber, and the later stage in the cemetery of St. Marx outside Vienna, betokened little of fame or world-worship. There has been one greater tone-poet, but no name in all music thrills to enthusiasm or arouses such lovable sympathy as does the magic name of Mozart! He has bewitched mankind with his melodies, and every heart and soul is better for his glorious harmonies.

Musicians and the world generally know the story of the short, sad life, with all its clouds and fitfulness; but we are not so well informed concerning the nature and import of the influence exercised by this adorable genius upon the art of music.

Mozart's career abounds in interest, and, as is often the case with the lives of great men, much about which the ordinary mind is sceptical has gathered around this master-musician. Thus the story of the child's ear being so delicate that he could detect and remember until the next day a difference of an eighth of a tone, with another to the effect that the blare of a trumpet caused him to faint away—such tales, while they serve to acquaint us with young Mozart's exquisite sensibility, can hardly be otherwise regarded than as the twaddle of a diseased biographical mind. As well declare the child-musician to have been proof against toothache and toys.

The birthplace was Salzburg, a venerable city with many associations of a past

history, lying quietly in a valley in central Europe, and unsurpassed for its picturesqueness and natural beauties of mountain land and foliage. A remnant of its once greatness was the cathedral pile, hard by which stood the plain four-storied building since identified as Mozart's *Geburts-haus*. He came of musical stock; and when eight summers had played over him he was a delicate, serious child, with so wondrous an addiction for music that his fame had far passed the town gates. As early as three years of age his love for the harpsichord and violin could not be restrained; while at five he had composed a concerto, and a story goes that he was found one day arguing with his father that his composition was a veritable concerto, because people "must practise it until they could play it perfectly." But besides his powers as an executant when a boy of eight, and the fact that he had composed several pianoforte sonatas, there was evidence that he was no ordinary child in the respect which his words commanded from his elders, musical and otherwise. All looked up to him, as it were; many revered, some even worshipped him. He was thoughtful and full of intelligence far beyond his years. "As a boy," wrote his father to him in after years, "you were too serious to be childish. For children's games and amusements you had no delight—in fact they were distasteful to you." So grave, indeed, was his demeanor, that, to quote his father's words, "many people feared you would not live to grow up." Such a child might well use the text, "Next after God comes papa," as his guiding principle in all that he did while under the parental roof.

Like other precocious musicians, Mozart shared the fate of exhibition as a wonder-child, and went the round of German towns, Paris, the Hague, Amsterdam, and our own metropolis. Court orders and decorations were showered upon him; the pope even insisted upon decorating the boy of fourteen with the order of the Golden Spur. Yet these triumphs were transient and worthless beside the lasting fame which, by his achievements as a composer, he was gathering so surely.

The first indication of a great reputation was the opera "*La Finta Giardiniera*," produced at Munich (1775) when its composer was only nineteen years old. If this work betokened some subsequent influence upon the lyric drama, this was amply verified in "*Idomeneo, Re di Creta*" (1781), and in "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*" (1782), which latter work espe-

cially supplies a landmark in dramatic musical art, for no previous comic opera had possessed such meritorious qualities as did this work; no other had been so original and satisfying; no similar score could be named that was replete with such new and beautiful music. Mozart's genius cast aside much accepted dogma, but what he substituted tended to produce a model work of original operatic conception and skill. "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" (1786) was his next great effort in the cause of the lyric drama. Neglected at first, this opera made gradual headway, until its melodies were whistled over all Vienna. On its first representation at Prague, it was liked so much that it led to the commission for the best of all Mozart's operas, "*Don Giovanni*"—or, to give it its full title, "*Il Dissoluto punito ossia, il Don Giovanni*,"

Passing from operatic to orchestral music, the young master reached true greatness in instrumental art when, in 1788, he gave to the world his grandest symphonies—the E flat, G minor, and C major—three colossal works composed in the marvellously short space of six weeks! The divine composer would appear to have already heard the alarm-note, "Work while it is day;" and this presentiment becomes the more noticeable upon examining these symphonies closely. They form a perfectly homogenous whole—if we may so speak of a musical trilogy—which tells the life-story of their gifted author. Preparation, conflict, victory, the three stages in this not joyous artistic career, are unmistakably depicted. The general serenity of the E flat work is fitly illustrative of the early home years, with the comforts and encouragements which the court composer of Salzburg found for his wonder-child. In the G minor score we see the storm and struggle which followed the composer when, having married, he left the paternal roof and weathered the elements of a virtuoso's life. Victory, though, was assured. In the C major symphony—commonly called the "Jupiter"—all the struggle and fight is over. This score reflects his triumphant period, and we seem to see the joy of the artist in the mood prompted by successes such as those of "*Figaro*" and "*Don Giovanni*," which crowned his later years.

Among Mozart's sacred music, the score around which most interest centres is the "*Requiem*" mass, partly because of its extreme musical beauty, and on account of the story of the mysterious stranger who gave Mozart the commission, and so

unnerved the master that he could not dissuade himself of the impression that it was his own death-knell. Unhappily, it proved his last score; for, although it had been his lifelong wish to compose an oratorio after the style of Handel's "*Messiah*," death claimed the divinely gifted musician just as he was gracing the final movements of the "*Requiem*."

As we look back and remember the pleasures he has created for posterity, the final scene is reproachful enough. Take the eventful night between the 4th and 5th December, 1791. In an ill-lighted and humble apartment in No. 970 Rauhenstein-Gasse, or Roughstone Lane as we should say, sat the poor dying man in his bed, propped forward by pillows, trying between the fits of his cough to join in the singing of passages in his unfinished "*Requiem*." Around stood Mozart's brother-in-law Hofer the violinist, the cultivated musician Schack, and Franz Xaver Gerl the bass singer, all sensible that the precious life was fast ebbing. Yet the commission had to be finished, and the payment expected would go in domestic necessities. So Süssmayer—who wrote a neat hand very similar to Mozart's—was petitioned to take notes for completing the score. Before the morning dawned all was over; the bright eyes were closed, the sweet tenor voice was silent in death—the gentle musician had gone forever. The reputed cause of death was malignant typhus. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th, the service was read over the body in St. Stephen's Church, and amid a storm of sleet and rain it was conveyed to the cemetery. The few mourners, five musicians—Swieten, Salieri, Süssmayer, Roser, and Orslen—had dropped off, for the storm was blinding; and when the hearse pulled up amid the slush at the cemetery gate, a grim colloquy ensued between the driver and grave-digger upon the prospects of drink-money. Cursing the poverty of musicians in general, and their own ill-luck in particular, they seized the coffin and hurried it into a common grave over the shells of two paupers who had been buried the same day. Thus, "without a note of music, forsaken by all he held dear, the remains of this prince of harmony were committed to the earth, not even in a grave of their own, but in the common *fosse* affected to the indiscriminate sepulture of homeless mendicants and nameless waifs." From this obscurity Mozart's bones were never rescued, and the ashes of the frame which once held his distinguished mind,

have long since mingled with the remains of less exalted sons of earth.

The Mozarteum at Salzburg—an educational institute for training and aiding poor musicians—and an institution with a similar mission—the Mozartsiftung at Frankfort—do honor to his splendid genius; but undoubtedly the greatest monument to his fame is the beauty and worth of his long list of compositions—over six hundred works—written in a brief life of barely thirty-six years!

The music of the great masters is stamped with an unmistakable individuality, and no characteristics are more distinct than Mozart's. Like Beethoven, Haydn, and Spohr—who have their peculiar tonal bearing, ornament, and color—Mozart's music has a distinct personal peculiarity and character which is as distinguishable as any hidden familiar voice. Many-sided in points of beauty and style as this music is, yet the personality is always present. It partakes of a psychological nature, springing direct from the soul, and possessing something ineffably greater than the richest scholarship could supply. The mind travels heavenwards under the influence of Mozart, so marked is the melodic beauty and refinement, so pure and celestial is the ideal harmony. It is this lofty, truthful spirit which is the distinguishing feature, of all others, in Mozart's muse—one which, when associated with the quaint graces and turns which were his, renders Mozart's order and method peculiar in the hierarchy of art. Especially is all this noticeable in his sacred music.

Generally viewed, Mozart's scores are full of richest harmony and melody—having a freedom which carries all before it. But we can go deeper and find that the flow of original melody is continuous and expansive, and that by its means his greatest dramatic heights are reached—not by any process of synthetic induction, but by the outpouring of a prolific fount of spontaneous melodic gift. Then Mozart's harmonies are beautiful and natural in the extreme. His modulations are well timed, and while they are not discursive, they are never too sudden—albeit when he would, the master could astonish with a startling transition. Witness some of the bursting changes of key in the E flat quartet! A slender acquaintance with Mozart—such as would be formed from a knowledge only of the sonatas for piano—induces the belief that his music is thin and wanting in emotion. Then it must be

remembered that what Mozart's pianoforte music lacks in emotion and grandeur, is in some degree compensated for in the beautiful and finely wrought workmanship. But the student must go further, and hear the great orchestral works and chamber music. No soulless musician wrote the passionate music in the G minor Quintet (1787). In the quintet for clarinet and strings in A major there is much which well illustrates the clear and perspicuous style of Mozart. Whether regarded in its several movements or in its entirety, this work exhibits all that symmetry of form, perfect alike in outline and detail, characteristic of Mozart. Its first movement reveals the mastery over the theoretical tenets of the art; in the *Larghetto* the tenderness of the master surpasses the beautiful richness of the melodic vein; while the *Minuetto* with its two trios, and the final *Variations*, afford convincing evidence that Mozart's fancy was as lively as his learning was profound.

Before Mozart's day poetic import, emotion, and expression were practically unknown in orchestral music. All was surface matter, such as would amuse. Audiences wanted to be pleased; and although there was a yearning for scholasticism, little soul power was demanded or supplied. Mozart put an end to this, and showed musical contemporaries and amateurs alike how possible it was to imbue music with an expressional language, and make it the medium of each fear and fancy akin to the human breast. His scores, whether large or small, operatic or symphonic, possess a greater depth of meaning than did any contemporary music—a property which alone places them far above the rank of the music of the time.

Spontini once said: "Of all composers, Mozart only had fulfilled all the conditions of the *musico-dramatic* art." Certainly the aspect of the master as an opera composer is a great one. He sets all emulation at defiance, and whether in *opera seria* or *opera buffa* he cannot—considering how he found opera and the way his own works keep the stage—be regarded as else than that greatest opera composer the world has ever seen. Born in an age when Europe was emerging from a condition of intellectual inertness, he was well served in respect to opportunity; but from the outset his works were distinctly removed by their calibre and merit from the order of all contemporary lyric art. Beginning with some minor works, ere

he closed his career the world was the richer by a series of operas which, as legitimate dramatic art, has never been surpassed in the history of the lyric stage.

To his success as an opera composer came several contributing forces. First and foremost he was a born melodist. Nature had endowed him lavishly with the gift of tune, and this was balanced with an equally important quality—a great theoretical grasp. To these seemingly inexhaustible gifts he added fine discernment. He realized the magnitude of the loss if contrapuntal detail and device disappeared from harmonic construction. And it was fast passing away. Monodists were undermining the foundations of musical art by sapping it of all theoretical import and device—substituting a surface matter of melodic exuberance. Any dabbler in sounds could furnish superstructures of this order, but only the masterly composer could supply the stability which would prevent an opera from toppling over for sheer want of balance and foundation. At this juncture Mozart saved the lyric drama, and, despising fashion, built up veritable models of grand lyric art unsurpassable in character or design.

There is something incompatible in a German composer essaying opera in a purely Italian method and spirit. Yet the Salzburg master did this successfully. Handel, years before, had broken down under the ordeal; but Mozart, matchless in his genius, proved invincible. Several Italian operas which he composed, surpass musically and structurally most dramatic music from Italy's own sons, while of three or four of the examples it may be said that their many perfect points have been equalled by no other dramatic composer. No finer instance of *opera buffa* exists than "Cosi Fan Tutte" (1790); "Le Nozze di Figaro" (1786) is a faultless harmonious construction,—the perfection of operatic art, genuine, immortal; while no praise could be too lavish upon "Don Giovanni" (1787)—so full of lights and shadows and the contrasts of human existence.

Mozart's achievements with the national opera of his country were equally great. He raised German opera to an exceedingly high eminence. Taking the *Singspiel*—the most satisfactory form of German lyric art—he developed it, and evolved two such lyric masterpieces as "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Die Zauberflöte,"—operas which are as grand in conception and noble in propor-

tion as they are delicate and beautiful in their every detail of vocal, orchestral, and harmonial expression. Weber has declared that Mozart "reached the full maturity of his powers as an artist" in "Die Entführung," which is great praise for a composer of twenty-six years! Beethoven sees Mozart's masterpiece in "Die Zauberflöte"—the work which, Mozart's biographer Jahn writes, is "a combination of all that is best in Italian opera, and the key to all that is greatest in future dramatic art." Whichever be Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, the fact is not altered that German lyric drama owes to Mozart its proud position as head of the schools of Europe—a position which is being less and less disputed. He gave to Germany its richest operatic treasures in the national tongue, as well as Italian operas which have outlived, as they outclass, the lyric creations of Italy's own sons.

Thus it is almost impossible to overrate Mozart's services to dramatic lyric music, since both by precept and example he exerted vast influence. So far as his direct operatic work is concerned, the secret of its success exists in his exquisite blending of all that was best in Italian procedure with German thought and requirement. Possessing a perfectly natural gift of melody, as abundant and unceasing as it was joyous and bracing, he associated with this a rare sense of the true and beautiful in nature. These facilitated his aspirations for the highest heights of dramatic expression, where, indeed, he stands alone—unapproachable. The musical historian of all ages will see in Mozart and his operas the inspirer, the moving spirit, the very life and embodiment of a new species of dramatic conception which may be imitated and added to, but can never be improved.

To approach Mozart orchestrally is to get on high and far-reaching ground. He, more than any composer before him, gave instrumental music much of its life-breath—that which renders it the expressible medium, without words, of countless shades of human emotion, word, and meaning. Then he formulated largely, and settled beyond dispute some of the most important forms of musical art; besides all which, he gathered in much that was scattered about in musical *matériel*. His knowledge of instruments—their qualities, characteristics, and compass—appears to have been more a gift than an acquirement, so extensive was its range and so faultless its application. Other prin-

ciples of good orchestration were not wanting—namely, solidity of structure, breadth of tune, boldness of contrast, and variety of color—all essential properties in a master of orchestral resource, and abundantly present in Mozart. All this was born in the man, but he did not withhold it. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a great impetus was given to orchestral application and device, and Mozart and Haydn were mainly responsible for this. Mozart, in particular, opened up a new era in instrumental art, and converted the orchestra from something of a toy into a great living agent. New thoughts, new expressions, new combinations—these were devised for accepted instruments; but, in addition, this master of the art opened up whole regions of orchestral possibility and range such as had occurred to no harmonist before him. Hereby instrument after instrument was requisitioned, developed, perfected, until the limit of the possible was well-nigh reached in the magnificent orchestral creations which crown the close of Mozart's career.

No master—except the giant Beethoven—has used the orchestra as a medium of dramatic effect with finer results than has Mozart. He is at once grand and beautiful. No composer certainly has written for instruments more effectively or delicately, and the blendings of his orchestral color are as varied as they are charming. Strength and power of effect are not wanting, and such is well tempered with the exquisite light and shade of which he was so adroit a delineator. Mozart's overtures well illustrate their composer's power. That to "Die Zauberflöte" is a splendid specimen of Mozart's style, and the whole *répertoire* of music does not, perhaps, supply an instance of wood and string instruments wedded with happier combination and result than is to be met with in this score. In the same work is a delightful passage where the full "wood" wind is engaged in happy play, until suddenly the effect is heightened by a call upon the "strings" in the shape of an accompaniment. The two form one of the most perfect combinations of "wood" and "string" in music; and the effect is made even more beautiful when the dreamy characteristic notes of the horn creep in to heighten the tonal effect. An equally notable point occurs in the overture to "Figaro," where the well-known subject is first given to the violins and basses in unison—such subject being brought out some time after in

quite a new light. In the meanwhile the ear has been diverted by a sustained passage for the flute. So Mozart loved to exercise his fancy.

The perfection of Mozart's orchestral powers is seen in his symphonies. In 1777 he was associated with the Mannheim orchestra—the finest band in Europe—and the opportunity was his to extend the simple art form into grander and more impressive proportion. The symphony of his youth had involved but two violins, with a viola, bass, and a part for the flute, oboe, and horn; and having composed twenty of such, far greater orchestral reaches dawned upon the composer. In 1778 came a work which forms that landmark in music when instrumental music began to speak a language of its own—when the orchestral creation had a poetic import, and portrayed something through its sounds. This was the "Parisian" symphony, so named from being first produced at Paris. In this (the most fully scored of Mozart's forty-nine symphonies) the treatment of the instruments, the formal proportion of the movements, together with the wealth of detail and ornament, all indicated a new symphony. Anterior symphonic music had only to please harmonically and scholastically. Frolicsome device and tune, pleasantly met with in Boccherini, were alone desired and attained. Mozart, however, discovered the soul-reaching and expressional capacity of instrumental music—properties which permitted the grandest possible musical designs. For the prevalent fun and gaiety Mozart substituted thought, poetic meaning, and artistic import; and those who will hear and study the three grand symphonies which he wrote towards the close of his life, will be enabled to realize the height to which this great tone-poet has soared in harmonious language and description.

In several other directions Mozart's splendid creative faculty and pure formalism became an influence for good. He invested the overture with its first real worth. That which adorned the opera "Idomeneo"—"the opera," as Jahn says, "in which we have the genuine Italian *opera seria* brought to its utmost perfection by Mozart's highly cultivated individuality"—was an overture of greater extent and importance than had hitherto obtained; but this was surpassed by the fine examples which prefaced the operas of "Die Entführung" and "Don Giovanni."

As a chamber-music composer Mozart

belongs to the first rank. To one so finished and formal in style the string quartet offered an irresistible field of musical expression. This, the most perfect of all four-part harmony forms, presented a new vista of art to Mozart, and his surpassing genius carried it from young life into full maturity. In his quartets the instrumental parts are singularly distinct and well balanced. Six of them Mozart dedicated to Haydn, and these are masterpieces, — the consummation, indeed, of all that is musically possible with the string quartet. Cultured minds of to-day value them as treasures of art beyond price, — an opposite verdict to that of the critic of Mozart's day who thought them "hideous stuff" and "much too highly spiced!" Conspicuous among his other chamber music stand the forty-nine sonatas for pianoforte and violin — well-wrought compositions in which the honors are fairly distributed to both performers. If one of these scores exceeds another for beauty and effectiveness, it is the A major (No. 66) Sonata.

It is to Mozart that we are mainly indebted for the vast system of musical form — *i.e.*, those principles of construction upon which modern music rests, and which are as important to the composer as are the laws of building construction to an architect. Admittedly composers such as Bach, Handel, and D. Scarlatti were of a well-ordered frame of mind in their compositions; but Mozart, immediately following them, inherited little of constructive condition and dogma from their example. By virtue of his propitious advent in the musical firmament at this critical period when the broad lines of a great musical art had been indicated in the oratorio — by the resolute exercise of his great constructive gifts Mozart becomes identified with form in music in a manner and degree which no other composer has even approached. Haydn, and notably Beethoven, accomplished not a little for form — moulding in wondrous fashion much that had its origin in the suggestive mind of Emmanuel Bach — but Mozart was the pioneer. Before him, system in musical exposition, great or small, was practically unheeded or unknown. Mozart became the great apostle of legitimate musical form and expression, and it is well for us moderns that the preacher arose to propound this religion of music. Mozart's natural gifts, character, training, and artistic surroundings, eminently qualified him to determine the formal side of musical construction — *i.e.*, the character, proportion, and position of the harmonic movement, whether in

the abstract or blended together in one homogeneous whole. For this responsibility the line of great composers supplies no equal to the well-ordered, formal, courtly trained master of Salzburg. In his short life he brought the subject of musical device, form, and expression into a clear, definable, and perfectly understandable method, best illustrated in the simplicity and exactness of his own works. This was a great undertaking — one for which the world of art can never be too grateful. The all-pervading principle of the Mozartian system was a conciseness of construction, and an unmistakable geography of tonality. Before Mozart, melodic figures, subjects, and keys, with all other theoretical addenda at the disposal of the creative musician, were confused. Mere bits of tune and jingle, with a brilliant passage here and there, constitute a movement, or even a composition. Haydn had brought much chaotic and irregular theoretical lore into clear and definite shape, but Mozart simplified matters still more. Introducing the keenest outlines, the most beautiful figures, together with clear and lucid teachings, he defined the formal construction of the movement, section, repeat, etc., until now the musician or student can set out with his principal subject or theme, and have no misgivings concerning the dogmas of subsidiary subject, complementary keys, and the like. Schooled in Mozart's principles of construction, the student could pilot himself safely through the intricacies of the most advanced symphony; and it is for his labors, and the pattern he set in this direction, that the world of music delights to do honor to the name of Mozart.

His method meant an unmistakable definition of harmonical position as a starting-point, and any transitions to new keys were conspicuously clear. His quartets and symphonies well illustrate his method of treating and introducing his "subjects;" and it is interesting to notice how, in presenting a second subject or episode, he invariably renders it first in the key of the dominant, to introduce it afterwards in the tonic key. Earlier masters contented themselves with little in the way of modulatory reasoning and purport, but Mozart carried the subject of key-distribution to a great reach. Clear and simple key-tonality was the first condition, and then followed subsidiary digressions of a nature and character which could not fail to enlighten the auditor as to his musical whereabouts. Thus the old system of enveloping the listener in a maze of bewil-

dering musical ideas was boldly assailed, until now right-minded musicians make a study of form before launching their musical ideas and creations upon a critical public.

Save the oratorio, scarcely an art-form escaped Mozart's influence. That piquant dance-form of sixteenth-century date—the minuet—came to his notice, and he emphasized its beauty by introducing a faithful example of it in his "Don Giovanni," leaving it to Haydn to make it so sportive that Beethoven had no difficulty in converting it into the *Scherzo*. Then the *Concerto*—a composition for solo instrument with orchestral accompaniments—was made absolute by Mozart. He found this form more resembling a miniature symphony, with the solo instrument nowhere to be heard; but some fifty examples which he left have never been surpassed in form and beauty. It was Mozart who invested the *Coda*—a sort of tail to a musical piece—with importance. It had been a meaningless thing, a display of frivolous strings of notes, until Mozart constructed it of previously heard themes of the composition to which it belonged. In the last movement of the C (Jupiter) Symphony is a splendid *Coda*.

After his operas, Mozart's masses swell his fame. As left by Durante the mass was a cold, cheerless composition. Mozart imparted to it beauty and dignity, and left work after work replete with such heavenly harmony and cadences that when performed aright the very angels seem to sing. What mortal has written diviner melody and harmony than the "Lacrymosa" of the "Requiem"? One song, "Das Veilchen" (The Violet), stamps him as a song-writer. This vocal gem has a universal fame and acceptance.

Thus Mozart's influence upon music has been enormous—extending not only to musicians themselves, but to the forms and instruments of the art. Many of Haydn's greatest scores would never have been formulated but for Mozart, from whom Haydn borrowed the sympathetic element—that spiritual side of music which arouses the finest qualities in the human breast—and incorporated it into his later works. Beethoven took Mozart as his model, and the early works of the giant symphonist afford ample proof of this; while Mendelssohn is a composer whose works show not only frequent traces of Mozart's influence, but oftentimes possess something more of striking resemblance in phrase and diction. The school

of pianoforte playing initiated by Mozart, and which was characterized by its evenly balanced grace and pointed elegance, formed the basis for Clementi's great pianoforte "school"—a method involving far greater executive skill, but designed largely upon Mozart's model style. To revert to Beethoven, one of the first real events of his life was his meeting Mozart in Vienna (1787)—an interview which Beethoven scarcely appreciated, although it led to Mozart's prophetic words: "Pay attention to the boy; he will some day make a noise in the world." Mozart gave Beethoven a few lessons on the harpsichord; but, greatest gift of all, he supplied him with the basis for all his greatest scores—the perfected forms which Mozart had found in raw confusion. Out of the greatness of his genius a phrase or movement became under Beethoven a great musical "organism;" but it must be allowed that the broad principles of Mozart's formulated system always remained, and were adhered to, if largely affected in detail. Thus the great masters themselves stand largely indebted to Mozart.

The technical exposition of musical ideas profited by Mozart's rule. In his day musical caligraphy was in a bad state. Barring was imperfectly understood, and either through ignorance or indifference the worst habits prevailed in connection with notation and the art of expressing music upon paper. This he remedied. His greatest work was the disciplining of abstract music into reasonable and intelligible proportion. Comprehensible music is one of the blessings of modern culture, and but for Mozart we might have yet been a long way off possessing this. A great claim upon the composer is that his ideas shall be concentrated, and so proportioned that all is distinct and obvious. Measure after measure of indistinguishable music; meaningless modulations into extreme keys merely to astonish; ill-proportioned parts for what is to conduce to some perfect whole,—all this is easy enough with an art the sphere of which is boundless, and wherein mankind may apparently do as it likes. Mozart, however, preached another sort of doctrine, and instructed us how to go about it. In this let us not aspire too high. The power to husband the world of tune in Mozart's fashion has been given only to a few wondrous tone-workers. Every musical mind, however, will recognize and appreciate that much participation and enjoyment awaits the student and amateur, which

might not, even now, have been his save for Mozart's determination to reduce the formal proportions of music into reasonable and defined shape. Here in itself was a great work. When the immature formalism of the day demanded a champion capable of extending, balancing, and uniting the lines of theoretical construction, Mozart alone could do it.

Scarcely an instrument in the orchestra escaped Mozart's attention. A born violinist, he wrote *concerti* for violin and orchestra which, though without the emotional element of Beethoven and Spohr, are greatly prized. To the tenor violin, which had been deemed worthy only of filling up *tutti* passages, he gave a voice and place of its own in the orchestra. The clarinet was raised to great importance by him, and forthwith took place as a favorite solo instrument. In nearly all his scores it received especial attention; while the fresh, beautiful, and exceedingly masterful work, the quintet in A major for clarinet and strings, and the fine clarinet concerto which he composed for Stadler, have imparted to the instrument an all-age reputation which can never be impaired. Then his sparkling genius spent itself in writing for that fine reed instrument the basset-horn, the splendid properties of which he deemed more suitable than even the clarinet for his "Requiem." For the oboe Mozart did much, according it a prominence which it had never reached with any previous composer. His *opus* No. 108 has a rare oboe part, and in the mass "No. 12" is some fine if difficult music for it.

One of the most debatable episodes in the artistic life of Mozart springs from his additional accompaniments to Handel's "Messiah," etc. Here a great principle was concerned—one which ought never to have been countenanced. As it was and is—and there is an authority no less than Mozart's for an *imperium in imperio* in music—we are left face to face with this broad condition, with the right to deliberate upon results. In Mozart's case all the surrounding conditions appertaining to the question were present, and these tend to greatly facilitate inquiry. Conceding the point of "improving" a deceased composer's scores, the case still demands the necessity for the interference, and the ability to carry it out. It must be admitted, in extenuation of Mozart's work, that in this respect he was on good ground, especially so far as the "Messiah" was concerned—which score,

be it remembered, was not in those days regarded with anything approaching the reverence which attaches to it now. Taking the point of necessity first, the case is as follows: The work was to be performed in Vienna in a building which possessed no organ, and those responsible for the production of the score were sensible of the loss which would attend the absence of those masterly accompaniments which the mighty contrapuntist was wont to improvise upon the organ whenever the "Messiah" was performed. These accompaniments varied at the will of Handel; but tradition and record alike testify to their stirring magnificence. It was to supply the place of these impromptu accompaniments that Mozart undertook Baron van Swieten's commission to write such additions for the orchestra as the giant harmonist might have secured upon the organ. This was in 1789. Among the most notable of these additional accompaniments are the beautiful "wind" parts to "The people that walked in darkness,"—an excellent Mozartian commentary upon Handel, but by no means Handelian in character, although we can well imagine the great Saxon in a benevolent mood tolerating Mozart's celestial harmonies with delight, conscious the while that the great breadth of the "Messiah," music could never be impaired. In "Why do the nations?" Mozart has gained an excellent effect by the introduction of trumpets and drums, both of which instruments were within the reach of Handel—the former, indeed, being a favorite with Handel. The trumpet part in Handel's "The trumpet shall sound" was in the original manuscript so trying that Mozart rewrote the song, because his trumpeter could not play the trumpet part. Recent performers have proved, however, that, though difficult, Handel's trumpet *obbligato* is by no means impossible of execution. Another chaste effect gained by Mozart in the "Messiah" is from the substitution of the flute for the violin in the accompaniment to the air, "How beautiful are the feet!" In another of Handel's works, the "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," Mozart's orchestral additions have been received with less favor. The trumpet part in "The trumpet's loud clangor," relegated by Mozart to the flute and oboe in unison, is no improvement upon Handel. On the other hand, few will deny that the thoroughly suitable effect secured by Mozart's added viola part, with dissonances, in the song, "Sharp violins proclaim," merits all praise. The baldness of Handel's violins

and bass — the violins being often in the unison — is not to be disregarded; and much of this sort of thing (for this was Handel's customary song accompaniment), both in the ode under notice and in his other scores, could only have been improved when graced by a Mozart's master-hand. Colorable instrumental accompaniments, where little existed beyond a melody and figured bass — the filling-in part falling to the harpsichord — could not but prove beneficial; and, generally speaking, this is allowed of Mozart's additional accompaniments to Handel's scores. Some critics maintain that in the "Messiah" accompaniments Mozart has not risen to the level of that noble work. Certainly the Salzburg master has not caught the stern simplicity, or the peculiar Handelian "flavor," which belongs to Sebastian Bach's only rival; but that Mozart has provided a means by which the giant Saxon's works may be rendered more conformable with modern orchestral requirements, admits of no doubt. Here Mozart's real worth steps in. Without any intention to defraud Handel of his worth, the one has brought the bald scores of his predecessor within the domain of modern orchestral expectation, and in this way may have well served Handel. Be it remembered, the composer of the "Messiah" never dreamed that he was composing for a later generation than that of his own day, nor did it enter his head that a century after his notes and cadences would be duplicated by the steam-press, or, doubtless, he would have exerted himself to leave his scores in a more finished state. Much that Mozart has added is probably the reverse of what Handel would have written; yet what has been done is infinitely better than the comparatively blank score which custom of the day permitted, and which, with his natural carelessness, and an utter disregard for notoriety or posthumous fame, Handel probably thought would fully answer his purpose. There is a growing circle of musical thinkers who long to hear Handel's masterpiece strictly to the letter. Such legitimists may console themselves with the reflection that, while they were providing themselves with a novelty, it would be a poor musical treat to be without many of the surroundings which attach to a present-day performance of the "Messiah," among which stand Mozart's additional accompaniments. Mozart sought to preserve Handel; conductors of all ages will do well to respect the joint master-work.

To adequately estimate Mozart's influ-

ence upon music is well-nigh impossible, so deep-rooted and far-reaching is it. We have seen, however, his bearing upon opera and dramatic musical art, his splendid services to orchestral music and instrumentation generally, and, above all, his teaching, example, and capacity in moulding and determining musical form. In addition to this, we must remember his vast creative faculty, which has left us great and masterly works in every department save the oratorio. Volumes might be written upon such a life and work. Summed up, it must be acknowledged that Mozart has done more for music than any musician who ever lived. Save Beethoven, he is the greatest composer the world has ever seen.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

From Temple Bar.

CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

THE story of the life of the conqueror of Scinde is one which we believe will more than repay the reader. It has lately been well told by Sir William Butler, whose "Life of Gordon" is evidence of his fitness for the task. For those who have not the opportunity of reading that interesting biography, we offer the following outline of his career.

Charles Napier was the eldest of three brothers, all destined to become great soldiers, and one of them — the youngest, William — to immortalize his name as one of the very foremost of military historians. The boys were brought up at Celbridge, a village of a single street, about ten miles west of Dublin. Their education was not such as is commonly supposed to be necessary for the army. They were entered neither at Eton, nor Harrow, nor Rugby, but at a modest establishment in the village. Here they quickly became the leaders of the school by virtue of their abilities, and courage, and strength. When the school broke up at three o'clock, the villagers, we are told, would often hasten to their doors, for a strange sight was sometimes to be seen. Let Sir William Butler tell the story.

There were pigs [he says] in Celbridge in those days, tall, gaunt animals, with wide, flapping ears that hung over their eyes, and long legs that could gallop over the ground; and it is said that, mounted on the backs of these lean and agile hogs, the Napier boys were wont to career homeward with scholars and pig-owners following in wild pursuit.

There was an old woman in the village, one Molly Dunne, a very ancient dame said to be about a hundred and thirty years of age, and of prodigious memory; and to her cottage the boys would often resort. She was to them as a professor of military history, and to her stories of war and fighting they were never tired of listening. But there was another teacher whose daily influence cannot be over-estimated. "Their father was their best schoolmaster." He was with them at home and abroad, during the long winter evenings, and out on the mountains and the moors. And from him the boys learnt lessons that were never forgotten. He taught them "to scorn delights and live laborious days," to "be true and just in all their dealings," to despise the emptiness of fashion, to hate oppression, to feel and to sympathize with the poor. And these lessons, enforced by a noble example, were to bear a rich harvest in after years "by the shores of mighty Eastern rivers, and under the shadows of Himalayan mountains."

At Limerick, where Charles was first stationed as extra aide-de-camp to the commanding officer, he had the misfortune to break his leg. He was out shooting with his brother George, when a snipe, rising from beyond a deep, wide ditch, falls to his gun. He leaps over the ditch, slips, and breaks his leg. The mettle of the lad now shows itself. His leg is badly fractured, indeed the bone is sticking out through the skin; but he will get the snipe. He drags himself along the uneven ground to where the bird is lying, and when George, hurrying up to see if his brother is hurt, beholds the ghastly wound, the disabled sportsman cries out cheerily: "Yes, I've broken my leg, but I've got the snipe."

It was during the stirring times of Napoleon's Continental wars that Charles Napier joined the army, but for some six years he chafed at the inactivity of garrison life at home. But he was not idle. He availed himself of every possible opportunity for acquiring the knowledge of his profession.

I quit the mess [he writes home] at five o'clock, and from that to ten o'clock gives me five hours' more reading. There is a billiard-table; but feeling a growing fondness for it, and fearing to be drawn into play for money, I have not touched a cue lately.

Here is an inventory of his kit, which will startle more modern notions of military uniform:—

You talk of magazines of clothes [he writes to his mother]; why, I have no clothes but those on my back. My pantaloons are green, and I have only one pair; my jacket twice turned; a green waistcoat, useless; one pair of boots, without soles or heels; a green feather, and a helmet not worth sixpence. I have, indeed, too many books, but books and clothes all go into two trunks.

It was during these dreary years of inactivity that his noble father died. "Sarah," said the dying colonel to his beautiful wife, "take my watch, I have done with time." Charles felt the loss keenly, as well he might, and his after career bore living testimony to the fact that the memory of that father's teaching was stamped indelibly on his mind and character.

When Charles Napier was twenty-seven years of age, he sailed for Lisbon to take part in the Peninsular campaign. The dream of his life was now to be realized, and he was to see active service. Together with his two brothers, he was with Sir John Moore during the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and took part in that heroic battle. The story of that famous fight, and of the death of Sir John Moore, of whom Napoleon had said, "I shall advance against him in person; he is now the only general fit to contend with me," must be read in the pages of his brother's "History." With Charles himself only we are here concerned. "The fall of Moore," as Sir William Butler says, "paralyzed the thinking power of those who succeeded to the command." Charles, who commanded the Fiftieth, was surrounded, and wounded, and taken prisoner. Indeed, he was returned as dead. The story, as told by his brother, is as follows:—

When the French renewed the attack on Elvina he was, with a few men, somewhat in advance of the village, for the troops were broken into small parties by the vineyard walls and narrow lanes. Being hurt, he endeavored to return, but the enemy coming down, he was stabbed, and thrown to the ground with five wounds; and death appeared inevitable, when a French drummer rescued him from his assailants, and placed him behind a wall. A soldier with whom he had been struggling, irritated to ferocity, returned to kill him, but was prevented by the drummer. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia, being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which would have been destructive to his professional prospects. The marshal also ob-

tained for the drummer the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

For some two months Napier remained a prisoner with the French, at whose hands he received every possible kindness. On his return to England he was welcomed with tears of joy by his widowed mother, who believed him to be dead. He came back, we are told, more determined than ever, certain that he could command in battle, and only longing for an opportunity, which, however, was to be many years in coming. But not for long was he to remain at home. The year 1810 found him again in the Peninsula, this time under Wellington; and once more the three brothers are together. At the action on the Coa, they are in the thickest of the fight, and William is wounded; at Busaco, where shortly afterwards Wellington gave battle to Massena, a bullet strikes Charles full in the face, "passing from the right of his nose to his left ear, and shattering all before it," and he too is carried to the rear, and laid in the cell of a convent hard by, where he soon hears that his brother George is likewise wounded. In the midst of his pain, he thinks of the poor old mother at home, then grieving over the death of her daughter, and writes to her: "I am wounded, dear mother—you never saw so ugly a thief as I am; but melancholy subjects must be avoided, the wound is not dangerous;" and again: "The scars on my face will be as good as medals—better, for they were not gained by simply being a lieutenant-colonel, and hiding behind a wall."

In the following spring he again joins his regiment, though suffering much from his wounded face. The privations, too, are terrible. "We are living on biscuits full of maggots," he says, "and though not a bad soldier, hang me if I relish maggots! The hard biscuit, too, bothers my wounded jaw when there is no time to soak it."

Charles was worried, too, about his prospects. Ever since Corunna, he had had a grievance with the Horse Guards. Though the brothers were mentioned in almost every Gazette as wounded, or as conspicuous for their bravery, yet promotion had been denied them. Officers at home idling away their time in fashion and frivolity had been promoted, but the Napiers were passed over. At last, when the Duke of York became commander-in-chief, Charles was nominated to the command of the 102nd Regiment, just returned from Botany Bay. But to his regret the appointment necessitated his return from

the Peninsula. The regiment is ordered to Bermuda, where he sets to work to restore discipline, and to check drunkenness, hating all the while both the people and the place. The news of the battle of Salamanca reaches him, and makes him kick against the pricks.

These glorious deeds in Spain [he writes to his mother] make me turn with disgust to the dulness of drill, and it is hard to rouse myself to work; my broken jaw did not give me half the pain the life we lead here does, and being so far from you—yet duty must be done.

The outbreak of hostilities with the United States releases him from his prison at Bermuda, and shortly afterwards he exchanged into his old regiment, then in service in the Pyrenees; but by the time he arrived in England the Continental war was over, and Napoleon was a prisoner at Elba.

Napier now found himself on half-pay and with nothing to do; and so entering the Military College at Farnham, he indulged for a while his passion for reading. The condition of the country fills him with indignation, and he cannot keep his opinions to himself. The iniquitous game-laws, the Catholic disabilities, the oppressive taxation, the rotten boroughs, the monstrous abuse of privilege are all loudly denounced. His manly heart beats in sympathy with the people. "There are two millions of people in England and Ireland," he says, "starving to enable Lord Camden to receive thirty-eight thousand a year, and to expend it on game and other amusements." It is not surprising that with such opinions Napier failed to obtain promotion.

Clearly [says Sir William Butler, in a fine vein of sarcasm] the man who held that rotten boroughs were not the perfection of representative government, that a Roman Catholic ought to be allowed to make a will and have a horse worth more than five pounds, was fit only for foreign service, or active warfare, and quite unsuited to hold a military appointment at home.

And so a foreign post, where such dangerous opinions could do no harm, was quickly found for him. He is appointed inspecting field officer of the Ionian Isles, and afterwards military president in Cephalonia, which has been described as "an earthly paradise turned by misgovernment into a hell." There was scope enough here for energy, and Napier spared not himself. He set himself to work to drain marshes, to make roads, to build quays, to reform the prisons, to restore law and

order throughout the island. "I take no rest myself," he writes, "and give nobody else any; they were all getting too fat." Such energy could not but bear fruit. Indeed, his success was so great as to arouse the envy of the governor-general. That pompous official, noticing that Napier wore moustachios, sent him a notice to shave immediately. "Obedient to a hair" was Napier's response! For nine years he worked assiduously at his road-making and bridge-building, and administration of justice, using every endeavor to improve the condition of the people, and to make the little corner he lived in somewhat less ignorant, and somewhat less miserable than it was before he entered it. Nor were his efforts in vain. "They still speak," said a Greek lady only last year, "of Napier in Cephalaria as of a god."

In 1830 Charles Napier was back in England, his Ionian service at an end, and out of employment. He was now fifty years of age, and his position looked dark indeed. Official dislike still followed him. His services, his wounds, his splendid abilities counted for nothing. He was wretchedly poor, and how to make money he knew not. To add to his troubles, his wife died in 1833, and "the great heart of the man seemed to break." He now settled at Caen, in Normandy, and devoted himself to literary work and to the education of his two young daughters. In his book on "Colonization" we find this significant sentence as to his idea of government:—

As to government, all discontent springs from unjust treatment. Idiots talk of agitation; there is but one in existence, and that is *injustice*. The cure for discontent is to find out where the shoe pinches, and ease it. If you hang an agitator and leave the injustice, instead of punishing a villain, you murder a patriot.

The work on "Colonization" was followed by one on "Military Law," in which he strongly advocates the abolition of flogging in the army, at any rate, in times of peace. "Our father was always against it," he says, "and he was right." The whole book breathes the spirit of the intensest sympathy with the common soldier. He could never forget what he himself owed to the French drummer at the battle of Corunna.

The general election of 1837 sees him back in England, and residing at Bath, where he throws all his energy into the cause of the Radical candidate. With reference to this election we find the following extract, which will bear quoting:—

The Tories [he says] especially the women, are making a run against all the Radical shops. Can we let a poor devil be ruined by the Tories because he honestly resisted intimidations and bribery? Nothing can exceed the fury of the old Tory ladies!

The country now seemed on the eve of revolution. The Chartist agitation was at its height, when Charles Napier received a summons to London. Lord John Russell offers him the command of the northern district, which is immediately accepted. No better appointment could possibly have been made, for Napier was a born ruler of men. He at once set to work to take every precaution against the possibility of a general rising; at the same time he invites a leading Chartist chief to witness the practice of his gunners, and endeavors to show him the utter futility of rebellion. But Napier does not like the work. While stoutly opposed to any attempt at revolution, he is at heart in sympathy with the people. With the main points of the Charter he thoroughly agrees. He wishes now that he had gone to Australia, when an appointment was offered him some years before. The misery of the people cuts him to the quick. The streets of Manchester, he says, are horrible:—

The poor starving people go about in twenties and forties begging, but without the least insolence; and yet some rich villains and some foolish women choose to say they try to extort charity. It is a lie, an infernal lie! neither more nor less. Nothing can exceed the good behavior of these poor people, except it be their cruel sufferings.

On the anniversary of Corunna we find this entry in his journal: "Oh! that I should have outlived that day to be at war with my own countrymen!"

But more congenial employment was now to be offered to the old warrior. Thirty-two years had passed since the battle of Corunna, and Napier was now sixty years of age. There were troubles in Afghanistan, and our Indian frontier was in serious danger. Napier is offered a command and eagerly accepts it. He arrives in India with just two pounds in his pocket, and assumes the command of the Poonah Division. We cannot follow in detail the negotiation which took place between Lord Ellenborough, the governor-general of India, and the ameers of Scinde, nor can we attempt to explain the political situation. It is far too complicated to be dealt with in a few sentences. Suffice it to say that in the splendid victory of Meanee, Charles Napier became the conqueror of Scinde. With eighteen hundred

men, of whom only four hundred were British, he utterly defeated thirty thousand of the enemy. It was a "fight of heroes." Led by the Twenty-second, composed almost entirely of Tipperary men, the little army performed prodigies of valor. And when, after three hours' close fighting, the dark masses of the Beloochees gave way, the Tipperary men greeted the old general with cheers of victory. Those cheers touched his heart. "The Twenty-second," he writes in his journal, "gave me three cheers after the fight; and one during it. Her Majesty has no honor to give that can equal that."

In his despatches next morning, for the first time in our military history, the private soldier is personally mentioned for acts of bravery. He fears that the authorities at home will not like it; but like it or not, he will do justice to the "man in the ranks." In consequence of the victory of Meanee, Napier is immediately appointed governor of Scinde, with absolute power.

He now looks forward to a quiet time of civil administration, in which sympathy and justice will supplant tyranny and lawlessness. "Now," he writes, "I shall work at Scinde as in Cephalonia, to do good, to create, to improve, to end obstruction, to raise up order." But the bright vision of the future soon faded into the light of common day. Difficulties everywhere presented themselves. A terrible pestilence swept through the "Unhappy Valley;" the Bengal troops were on the verge of mutiny, hill-robbers plundered the villages and murdered the inhabitants; the frightful heat laid the old warrior low, while slander and misrepresentation at home embittered his noble heart. But, in the midst of it all, Napier never for a moment gave in; he was always at work, as of old in the Ionian Isles, administering justice, relieving the oppressed, putting down tyranny, improving in a score of ways the condition of the country. And all the while he is conducting his daughters' education fifteen hundred miles away. Post by post he sends them quires of foolscap paper with the requisite sums and questions, and can always find time to correct them when returned. At length his relations with those in authority became so strained—for Napier had dared to speak the truth, and to champion the cause of the oppressed—that in 1848 he returned to England.

For ten months was he to remain at home, and his life during that period has been described as "a mixture of honor

and insult—honor from the great mass of his fellow-countrymen, insult at the hands of the Board of Directors of the East India Company, and from more than one minister of the crown." The directors and those in authority could not forgive the outspoken manliness with which Napier had denounced their incapacity and greed, and now they assail him in every possible manner. But the people of England cannot do enough for the old hero with "the eagle face and bold strong eye." Clubs and corporations delight to do him honor. At Dublin, when he appeared at the Theatre Royal, the whole house rose and gave him such a welcome as deeply touched his heart. "My father and mother," he writes, "seemed to rise before my eyes to witness the feelings of Dublin towards me." But what pleased him most was a letter from a Radical shoemaker at Bath, to welcome him home. "I am more flattered by Bolwell's letter," he says, "than by dinners from all the clubs in London." And now, in the midst of all this welcome and applause, England is startled by news from India. The disastrous battle of Chillianwallah has been fought; and with one voice the nation calls on Charles Napier to save our Indian Empire. It was a bitter pill for the directors, who for years had been assailing the conqueror of Scinde, but they had to swallow it. The Duke of Wellington sent for Napier, and addressing to him the celebrated words, "If you don't go, I must," appointed him to the command in India.

And so to India Napier went, but only to find the Sikh war over. There was still, however, much for a commander-in-chief to do, and the old man of sixty-seven set himself to do it with his accustomed energy. For those who had eyes to see, signs of the coming mutiny already lowered on the horizon of our Indian Empire, and whatever preventive measures were possible were promptly undertaken by the keen-eyed veteran. But in the carrying out of those very measures, which the after-light of history cannot but approve, he again incurred the censure of the Indian government. Napier immediately resigned, and after once more reviewing the soldiers of Meanee, who received their beloved leader with the most frantic enthusiasm, he found himself, after two years' absence, again in England.

When wearied and disappointed with his work in India, and harassed by the malice of his enemies, he had often longed for the time when, freed from the anxieties of duty, he could retire in peace to

his home in Hampshire. That time had now come, and as soon as possible he quitted London, and settled down at Oaklands, near the village of Purbrook, on the north side of Portsdown Hill. But the peace he longed for did not come. His health was shattered, and it soon became evident to all around him that the days of the old hero were numbered. His enemies continued to assail him, and even tried to rob him of his Scinde prize-money. And now, with the shadows of the valley gathering around, and unable to answer the calumnies of his accusers, he would sometimes, as he lay upon his little camp-bed, turn to his younger brother, the veteran historian of the Peninsular War, and ask him to defend his memory when he was gone. At last, after many weeks of wearied sickness, in the early morning of an August day, with the colors of the Twenty-second Regiment hanging above his head, and with his friends and relatives around him, the soul of Charles Napier fled to the God who gave it. They buried him in the graveyard of the old military chapel at Portsmouth, amid the silent sorrow of sixty thousand people. "When I die, may the poor regret me," he had written in his journal not long before his death. His desire was abundantly fulfilled; not only did they regret him at the moment of his departure, they have not ceased to regret him still. The remembrance of his kindness, his goodness, his justice, his sympathy with the needy and oppressed, is yet green among the poor of the neighborhood.

Assailed as he was in his lifetime by slander and the strife of tongues, it may be well to learn what such a thinker as Carlyle thought of him.

A lynx-eyed, fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him. More of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time; a singular veracity one finds in him, not in his words alone, but in his actions, judgments, aims, in all that he thinks, and does, and says, which, indeed, I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first, and also the earliest, attribute of what we call *genius* among men.

So wrote of Charles Napier the greatest thinker of our age—that is the mountain-top. "If you want to find the other extreme of estimate," says Sir William Butler in concluding his admirable biography, to which this article is greatly indebted, "you will go to Trafalgar Square, and on the pedestal of Napier's statue there read: 'Erected by Public Subscriptions, the most numerous Contributors

being Private Soldiers.' Between these two grades of admiration lies the life of Charles James Napier."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PAGANINIANA.

WHEN a man is forced to the expedient of publishing a letter from his mother to disprove that he is a son of the devil he must be in dire straits. And in dire straits Paganini, the most extraordinary of all violin *virtuosi*, assuredly was, almost from the beginning to the end of his phenomenal and romantic career. His father, who evidently believed thoroughly in the "spare the rod and spoil the child" maxim, made of him a tolerable violinist before he was six years of age, and this as much by a course of systematic and unmerciful thrashing as by the aid of the youth's genius. It was this early and severe forcing which no doubt sent Paganini into professional life the tall, weakly, skeleton-like figure which, together with the perfectly novel and astonishing character of his performance, led to the absurd rumors associated with his name. When he gave his first concert in Paris in 1831 he was described as having a long, pale face, large nose, brilliant little eyes like those of an eagle, long, curling black hair which fell upon the collar of his coat, extremely thin, and altogether a gaunt, wiry being, in some respects only the shadow of a man. One of the critics spoke of his wrist and long, bony fingers as being so flexible that they "could only be compared to a handkerchief tied to the end of a stick." When he came to London in the same year, people characterized his appearance as more like that of a devotee about to suffer martyrdom than one likely to delight with his art. There is a curious letter of his own, written at this time, in which he complained of the "excessive and noisy admiration" to which he was a victim in London, which left him no rest, and actually blocked his passage from the Opera House every time he played. "Although the public curiosity to see me," says he, "is long since satisfied, though I have played in public at least thirty times, and my likeness has been reproduced in all possible styles and forms, yet I can never leave my house without being mobbed by people who are not content with following and jostling me, but actually get in front of me and prevent me going either way, address me in English, of which I do not know a word,

and even feel me, as if to find out if I am flesh and blood. And this not only the common people, but even the upper classes."

It is sufficiently amusing to think of the public, and especially the "upper classes," taking means to prove to themselves that there was some substance in the shadow which electrified them on their concert platforms. Embarrassing as their attentions must have been, there is some suspicion that Paganini looked upon the whole thing as a good advertisement. He has even been charged with having himself originated many of the ridiculous rumors which he seemed always so anxious to disprove. It is doubtful, however, if any man would attribute the results of many years' unwearied study and practice to Satanic aid, or report his own imprisonment to account for a facility which, it was supposed, could only have come from solitary confinement. These things were said and were believed. Paganini himself writes: "At Vienna one of the audience affirmed publicly that my performance was not surprising, for he had distinctly seen, while I was playing my variations, the devil at my elbow, directing my arm and guiding my bow. My resemblance to the devil was a proof of my origin." The marvellous execution which he had attained on the G string alone of his instrument was set down to his being incarcerated for eight years, during which time all his strings had broken except the fourth, upon which he practised during the whole period of his confinement. There was, of course, not a word of truth in this story. Paganini was never in prison for an hour, as he took very good care to prove by establishing the chronology of his travels and sojourns at various places. The devil, however, seems to have given him a good deal of trouble one way or another. It was at Prague that he published the letter from his mother to prove that he was really of flesh and blood as other men. The production was quite a serious affair; but it was evidently without the desired effect, for later on he considered it advisable to furnish Fétis, the French historian, with all the necessary material and dates to refute publicly the numerous absurdities circulated regarding him!

Many curious adventures were associated with Paganini's career as an artist. Some of these he tells himself; others are recorded by various biographers. One day at Leghorn a nail had run into his heel, and he came on to the platform limping, which greatly amused the audi-

ence. He was just about to place the bow on the strings when the candles of his desk fell out, and again the expectant listeners laughed. After the first few bars of the solo the first string broke, which increased the hilarity; but the piece was played through on three strings, and, says Paganini himself, "the sneers quickly changed into general applause." At Ferrara he narrowly escaped being lynched. In those days it seems the common people of the suburbs of that little town looked upon the dwellers in the town itself as "a set of asses!" Hence, we read, "any countryman a resident of the suburbs, if asked where he came from, never replied, 'From Ferrara,' but put up his head and began braying like an ass!" Now, unluckily for him, as it proved, Paganini could imitate with his violin the braying of an ass as well as do other wonderful things. In the course of a concert at Ferrara some one in the pit had hissed. It was an outrage which must be revenged, but no one suspected anything when, at the close of the programme, Paganini proposed to imitate the voices of various animals. After having reproduced the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, the barking of a dog, and so on, he advanced to the footlights, and calling out, "This is for those who hissed," imitated in an unmistakable manner the braying of a donkey. The effect produced was magical, but not at all what the player had probably expected. The audience, taking the significant "heehaw" as an allusion to themselves, rose almost to a man, rushed through the orchestra, climbed the stage, and would undoubtedly have strangled the daring fiddler if he had not taken to instantaneous flight. After this it was hardly necessary for his biographer to tell us that "Paganini never visited the town again." In this case, undoubtedly, discretion was the better part of valor.

The *furor* created by Paganini's appearance in various places has only been equalled in modern times by the Jenny Lind mania. Shopkeepers called their goods after him; everything, from canes to cravats, was *à la Paganini*; even a good stroke at billiards came to be termed *un coup à la Paganini*. At Vienna, where he met with what is described as "a paroxysm of enthusiasm," a cabman worried him into permission to print on his vehicle the words "Cabriolet de Paganini," the conveyance having been once hired by the *virtuoso* during a heavy shower. It was an excellent stroke of business on the part of Jehu. The hero-worshippers soon en-

abled him to make enough money to start in business as a hotel-keeper, in which capacity the great violinist no doubt patronized him when he was next in the city.

Paganini, like most musicians, had his share of eccentricity. When he was in Paris in the thirties a court concert was announced at the Tuileries, and he was asked to play. He agreed, and went to have a look at the room just before the concert. The curtains, he found, were hung in such a way as to interfere with the sound, and he requested the superintendent to have things properly arranged. The self-sufficient official paid no heed to the request, and Paganini was so offended by his manners that he determined not to play. The hour of the concert came, but no Paganini. The audience waited for some time, and at last a messenger was despatched to the hotel where the *virtuoso* was staying. Had the violinist gone out? No, he was in the hotel, but—he had gone to bed some hours since! Once, at Birmingham, a prosaic magistrate compelled him to pay for his eccentricity. This was before the time of railways, when everybody travelled as Mr. Ruskin would have everybody travel now. Paganini was on his way from London to Birmingham to fulfil an engagement. It seems he had the habit of getting out of the postchaise whenever the horses were changed, in order, as the Scotchman would say, to “straucht his legs.” Sometimes he would extend his promenade so far that the coach was kept waiting for his return longer than the patience of the driver would stretch. This occurred once too often, and Paganini was left behind. At the next station a postchaise was despatched in search of him; he was found in a towering passion, and, as he refused to pay the cost of the conveyance, he was taken before the magistrate, who, unfortunately for him, did not see the necessity of indulging his eccentricity, and mulcted him in damages.

There was undoubtedly something of the charlatan about Paganini. Thomas Moore says he constantly abused his powers; “he *could* play divinely, and *does* so sometimes for a minute or two; but then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, and his enharmonics, like the mewings of an expiring cat.” Mystery had great charms for him. For a long time he puzzled the best violinists by tuning his instrument in different ways, and, as he always took particular care never to do this tuning within hearing,

many of his feats on the platform appeared inexplicable and impossible. Violinists implored him unavailingly to show them how he produced his effects. He would get a little group together, begin to play, and just as he had reached the difficult passage every one longed to see done, he would peer into the faces of his listeners, suddenly stop, and exclaim, “And so forth, gentlemen!” Mystery, again, surrounded his *répertoire*. He very seldom played any other music than his own; and although he occasionally took part in a quartet or a concerto by one of the great masters, he made no effect with it. He used to say that if he played another composer's work he was obliged to arrange it to suit his peculiar style, and it was less trouble to write a piece for himself. If by any chance he did play a classical work he invariably took such liberties with it as enabled him to display his powers in his own way. Publishers sought to purchase his compositions, but he set such an exorbitant price on them that treating with him was out of the question. No doubt he did this designedly. At his concerts he was always careful never to allow any other violinist to see his music on paper; and when he did practise, which was seldom in later life, it was always in private.

There is a strong suspicion of quackery about all this; yet, as one of his biographers has said, the extraordinary effect of his playing could have had its source only in his extraordinary genius. If genius be “the power of taking infinite pains,” he certainly showed it in a wonderful degree. Fétis tells us that he was known to have tried the same passage in a thousand different ways during ten or twelve hours, and to be completely overwhelmed with fatigue at the end of the day. The word “difficulty” had no place in his vocabulary. The most intricate music of the day was but child's play to him, as a certain painter at Parma once found, much to his chagrin. This gentleman discredited the common belief that Paganini could get through the most difficult music at first sight. He possessed a valuable Cremona violin, which he offered to present to the *virtuoso* if he could perform, straight off, a manuscript concerto which he placed before him. “This instrument is yours,” said he, “if you can play in a masterly manner that concerto at first sight.” “In that case, my friend,” replied Paganini, “you may bid adieu to it at once,” which the painter, according to the bargain, found he had to do a few minutes later.

X Clear! What can the non-genius possibly know about genius?

Mere perfection of *technique*, however, would never have thrown the whole of musical Europe into the state of excitement produced by Paganini wherever he appeared. "With the first notes his audience was spellbound; there was in him — though certainly not the evil spirit suspected by the superstitious — a dæmonic element which irresistibly took hold of those who came within his sphere." Moscheles was not a man to be excited over nothing, and he wrote: "His constant and daring flights, his newly discovered flageolet tones, his gift of fusing and beautifying subjects of the most diverse kind — all these phases of genius so completely bewilder my musical perceptions that for days afterwards my head is on fire and my brain reels." The Scotch people, who had not yet forgotten their own Niel Gow — the "man who played the fiddle weel" — were almost terrified by his cleverness and appearance. In one town he came on the platform, cast a ghostly glance around the crowded hall, and, extending his right arm, held the bow pointing to the right, and immediately began to send forth mysterious music with the fingers of his left hand. Softer and softer grew the music, until at last he brought down the bow on the strings with such force that several people fainted with fear. So intense was the excitement that at the close of the performance the audience felt a painful relief.

It was generally supposed during his lifetime that Paganini had more regard for bank-notes than for musical notes — that, in fact, he was a heartless, selfish miser. It is true that, as a rule, he was very chary with his money (he died worth 80,000*l.*), but that he was also occasionally generous is amply proved by several incidents in his career. One of his last concerts was given at Turin for the benefit of the poor. He gave Berlioz, the great French composer, the large sum of twenty thousand francs, simply as a mark of admiration for the latter's "*Symphonie Fantastique*." But better than this was the manner of his befriending a little Italian whom he found playing on the streets of Vienna. The boy confided to him that he supported his sick mother by his playing, and that he had come from the other side of the Alps. Paganini was touched at once. He literally emptied his pockets into the lad's hand, and, taking his poor instrument from him, began "the most grotesque and extraordinary performance possible." Presently there was quite a crowd around the curious pair, and Paganini, concluding his

solo, went round with the hat. A splendid collection was the result, and after handing this to the boy Paganini walked off with his companion, remarking: "I hope I have done a good turn to that little animal." With Paganini any one belonging to the lower orders was always addressed as an "animal." When such an individual dared to speak to him he would turn his back and inquire of his companion: "What does this animal want with me?"

It has been said that "he who loves children can't be a bad man," and if there is any truth in the remark Paganini must have been less black than he has sometimes been painted. He had a little son whom he wished the world to know by the high-sounding names of Alexander Cyrus Achilles, though at home he was content to call him simply Achillino. A friend once called to take Paganini to the theatre where he was to play in a concert in the evening, arranged between the acts. This is the description the friend gives of how he found him: "I went to Paganini's lodgings, and I cannot easily describe the disorder of the whole apartment. On the table was one violin, on the sofa another. The diamond snuff-boxes which sovereigns had given him were one on the bed and one of them among his child's toys; music, money, caps, matches, letters, and boots pell-mell here and there; chairs, table, and even the bed removed from their place, a perfect chaos, and Paganini in the midst of it. A black silk cap covered his still deeper black hair, a yellow tie loose round his neck, and a jacket of a chocolate color hung on him as on a peg. He had Achillino in his lap, who was very ill-tempered because he had to have his hands washed. Suddenly he broke loose from his father, who said to me: 'I am quite in despair; I don't know what to do with him; the poor child wants amusement, and I am nearly exhausted playing with him.' Barely were the words out of his mouth, when Achillino, armed with his little wooden sword, provoked his father to deadly combat. Up got Paganini, catching hold of an umbrella to defend himself. It was too funny to see the long, thin figure of Paganini in slippers retreating from his son, whose head barely reached up to his father's knees. He made quite a furious onslaught on his father, who, retreating, shouted, 'Enough, enough! I am wounded!' but the little rascal would not be satisfied ere he saw his adversary tumble and fall down vanquished on the bed. But the time passed and we had to be off, and now the real

comedy began. He wanted his white necktie, his polished boots, his dress-coat. Nothing could be found. All was hidden away. And by whom? By his son Achilino. The little one giggled the whole time, seeing his father with long strides travelling from one end of the room to the other seeking his clothes. 'What have you done with all my things?' he asked. 'Where have you hidden them?' The boy pretended to be very much astonished and perfectly dumb. He shrugged his shoulders, inclined his head sideways, and mimically indicated that he knew nothing whatever of the mishap. After a long search the boots were discovered under the pillowcase, the necktie was lying quietly in one of the boots, the coat was hidden in the portmanteau, and in the drawer of the dinner-table, covered with napkins, was the waistcoat! Every time Paganini found one of the missing objects he put it on in triumph, perpetually accompanied by the little man, who was delighted to see his father looking for the things where he knew they could not be found; but Paganini's patience with him was unwearied."

The little hero of this incident was the fruit of Paganini's *liaison* with the cantatrice Antonio Bianchi, of Como. Of this lady Paganini himself tells us that, after many years of a most devoted life, her temper became so violent that a separation was necessary. "Antonio," he says, "was constantly tormented by the most fearful jealousy; one day she happened to be behind my chair when I was writing some lines in the album of a great pianiste, and when she read the few amiable words I had composed in honor of the artiste to whom the book belonged, she tore it from my hands, demolished it on the spot, and so fearful was her rage that she would have assassinated me." To this termagant Paganini left an annuity of 60*l.*; and yet he has been charged with a lack of generosity! There are other affairs of the heart that might be told of besides that of Antonio. One notable epoch in his life was when, reciprocating the passion of a lady of high rank, Paganini withdrew with her to her estate in Tuscany. The lady played the guitar, and, enamored of everything about his divinity, the king of the violin gave up his own instrument in favor of the lady's, upon which he soon became an extraordinary player. This was, however, in the adolescent period, when love generally cools as quickly in the castle as it does in the cottage. The only tangible result of the little episode was a

series of sonatas for the unusual combination of violin and guitar, some of which have been preserved.

It need hardly be said that Paganini was not a deeply religious man. Nominally he was a Roman Catholic, but he died refusing the last sacraments of the Church, and, as a consequence, his corpse lay for five years practically unburied. The circumstances of the case were peculiar. It seems that, a week before his death, the Bishop of Nice sent a priest to administer the usual rites, but Paganini, not believing that his end was so near, would not receive them. The bishop accordingly refused him burial in consecrated ground, and, pending some arrangement, the coffin lay for a long time in the hospital at Nice. The body was afterwards removed to Villa Franca, near Genoa, but still it was not to rest. Reports got abroad that piteous cries were heard at night, and the young Baron Paganini at last, by making a direct appeal to the pope, obtained leave to bury his father's remains — five years after the decease! — in the village church near Villa Gaiona. Strange irony of fate! He who had been decorated with honors by the pope himself was in the end refused by that same pope the rites of Christian burial!

From The Speaker.
THE DUKES OF TECK.

"ATTEMPTO" was the motto chosen by Eberhart, the first Duke of Würtemberg and Teck. The secret of the marvellous success of the family was that it always knew what to attempt, and when to make an attempt. It was a family of unusually shrewd men, but also of something better than shrewdness, of high integrity. Moreover, it was just that Swabian family which knew what not to attempt, which brought it to the forefront, where another and a far greater Swabian family — the Hohenstaufen — failed and became exterminated because always attempting to reach splendid achievements that were beyond their reach.

The Würtembergs began in a small way, as country gentlemen, at Beutelsbach in the Remsthal, and then one of them built himself a castle at Würtemberg, near Cannstadt, but Beutelsbach remained the family burying-place. We know nothing more of the origin of the stock than that there was a Conrad at Beutelsbach in

1080, and no consecutive pedigree can be traced till we reach the beginning of the thirteenth century. Long before that these country gentlemen had become counts, but they made no mark on history, and were counts of a very small county. But no sooner do we reach the thirteenth century than the entire condition of the family changes. By marriage with heiresses they enlarged their estates and influence, and it was from one of the heiresses that the stag's horns came into the Württemberg arms.

Ulrich with the Broad Thumb is also called "The Founder" (1247-65), for it was with him that the house of Württemberg stepped upon the stage of history, and showed itself to be a power.

From the Swabian volcanic peak of Hohenstaufen had gone forth the adventurous house that wore the imperial crown, and with it the crown of Sicily and the ducal coronet of Swabia. It was engaged in desperate conflict with the papal power. The Hohenstaufen were Antichrist, the Red Dragon; were excommunicated, their vassals released from fealty, vows sworn to them annulled because they would measure arms with the Papacy for the mastery of Italy. The last blood of the Hohenstaufen was shed when, in 1268, the gallant Conradin was executed by Charles of Anjou at Naples. Upon the ruins of the Dukedom of Swabia rose the shadowy Duchy of Teck, so named from a conical height, castle-crowned, very similar to Hohenstaufen, and in the same Swabian mountain region. There had been, indeed, a Duke of Teck since the closing years of the twelfth century, and the Teck house held to the Hohenstaufen. For a while, after the extinction of this latter house, it seemed likely to fill the gap, to step forward as the head of the great Swabian race. But this family of Teck, a branch of the Zähringen family, had neither the abilities, nor the energy, nor the luck. They were ever looking out for situations abroad. One became a governor of Monza, another of Tyrol, another a Bishop of Strassburg; they had the faculty of letting slip every chance of doing well that presented itself, and when the family came to an end in a Bishop of Aquileia, who died at Basle in 1439 — whither he had gone to complain before the Council that the Venetians would not suffer him to enter his see or draw its revenues — not an acre of the old duchy was found remaining. All had been parted with, even to the ancestral castle,

and all sold to the counts of Württemberg.

The Duchy of Teck, it is true, was very small. It consisted of one Alpine valley and a tract of bare Alpine plateau, and the lowland as far as to where the one river that watered the valley fell into the Neckar, but it was large compared to the original heritage of the Württembergers. But the Zähringen Tecks sought their fortunes from home, the Württembergers at home, and the result was that as the Tecks declined the Württembergers mounted. They deserved it. The very titles given to the counts by the people show what manner of men they were. One was "The Gentle," another "The Well-beloved," another "The Illustrious." The very worst that could be said of another was that he was "A Grumbler." Long before Eberhart assumed the maxim "Attempto" they aimed high, but never at the impossible. They might have been princes long before Duke Eberhart, but, "No," said one, "better be a great count than a little prince."

The most conspicuous figure in the whole gallery was Eberhart with the Beard (1457-82), a man of remarkable integrity, justice, and kindliness. He was a man who saw further politically than any of his age. He took as his badge the palm-tree, partly because he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but also because of the verse in the psalm that promises that the just shall flourish as the palm-tree. And he was resolved to do what lay in his power to so root his dynasty in good ground that it should remain ever green. His task was not an easy one. By his wife, Barbara of Mantua — "a good woman who could eat bacon and beans like a peasant" — he had no issue. His brother was insane, and his nephew a ne'er-do-weel. It is of this Eberhart that the ballad tells how when, at a feast of the princes of Germany, each boasted of his own principality: Austria of the stately Danube; the Palatine of his vines; Saxony of the ores in his mountains; Count Eberhart said: "Of my land I can say but this: There is not a Swabian shepherd in it on whose lap when weary I could not lay my head in sleep, knowing he would protect me to the last drop of his blood." And this is the subject of a beautiful group of statuary in the palace-garden at Stuttgart.

There is a delightful contemporary portrait of this Eberhart in the castle at Urach. It reminds one of Longfellow's lines on Hans Saachs: —

An old man grey and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

He it was whom, entirely unsolicited, Maximilian created Duke of Württemberg and of Teck, in 1496, at Worms, and authorized him thenceforth to bear the arms of Teck along with Württemberg. He also conferred on him and his successors male in tail the office of hereditary banner-bearer to the Holy Roman Empire.

As already said, Eberhart had a difficult task to accomplish in securing the well-being of his people after he was removed, and also of his own house. The family of Teck, on whose lands, castles, and titles he had entered, had gone to pieces in part by division of estates among all the children. Eberhart introduced the right of primogeniture and the inseparable unity of all the Württemberg possessions. That was in the interest of his family, to secure it against the fate of the first Teck family. Next he drew up his will with great care, bequeathing, indeed, the duchies of Württemberg and Teck to his good-for-nothing nephew, but so hampering him and his successors with constitutional checks that any serious misconduct such as would do injury to the country and people would lead to his deposition.

And, in fact, his nephew was thus deposed by the Estates of the duchy for transgressing the provisions of the will two years after the death of Eberhart with the Beard.

By virtue of this remarkable will, Württemberg and Teck enjoyed for three hundred years a constitution more liberal than any other German principality.

The provisions of the will were ratified in the capitulation of Tübingen in 1514, and every duke on assuming the reins of government was required to swear to observe the capitulation, which was the Magna Charta of the land.

At Kirchheim on the Lauter was the ancient capital of the Dukes of Teck, a walled town, where they had a palace and their mint. But they had been constrained to part with half of it to the Counts of Württemberg for some ready money to be spent in Italy in 1359, and to bind themselves not to part with the other half to any other purchaser. Twenty years later the other half went in the same way, also the Castle of Teck itself; and in 1385 every particle of the ancestral property had been annexed to the estates of the Counts of Württemberg, who had long occupied the parallel valley of Urach and the castle commanding it. The old eagle-

nest on the sugar-loaf of Teck was burnt by the insurgent peasantry in the Peasants' War in 1525, when castles flamed throughout Swabia and the Black Forest. It was never rebuilt, but the palace at Kirchheim was reconstructed and enlarged. The dukes do not, however, seem to have visited it much. Their palace at Urach was but ten or twelve miles' distance. The Castle of Teck crowns, as already said, a sugar-loaf, and it is a sugar-loaf of Jura limestone buttressed up by basalt. It commands an extensive view — Esslingen is visible from it, and the heights above Stuttgart. The peak of Hohenstaufen is within the range of sight. To the south the entire horizon is occupied by the mountain plateau of the Rauhe Alb, that inclines to the Danube, which washes its base. It is a bald and dreary region; but the valley below Teck, with its many ruined castles once occupied by the feudal servants of the dukes, is laughing with richness. Immediately below the mountain and castle is the little town of Owen, in the church of which is the sepulchre of the first dukes of Teck, with a simple boldly sculptured heraldic monument above it representing the Teck arms (lozengy, sable, and or), and the crest (a parrot's head clothed in the livery of the coat). The crest was afterwards changed, and the parrot gave way to a dog.

The crest of the Württembergers has gone through several alterations. At one time they wore on their helmet a basket of green rushes and leaves. This was due to their having inherited the county of Gröningen. Then they changed it slightly; they kept the basket, but filled it with peacocks' feathers. Lastly, they assumed the red bugle mounted in gold that has remained their crest ever since. Nevertheless, an addition was made also to that. Probably it was thought that some reminiscence of the earlier crest should be preserved, so three feathers were stuck in the mouth of the bugle; but the feathers were now converted into ostrich plumes, these plumes supplanting the peacock-feathers, as these latter had taken the place of the fresh green leaves.

The Dukes of Württemberg remained Dukes of Teck, quartering the lozenges of Teck with the stags' horns of Württemberg till 1805, when Frederick I., Duke of Württemberg and Teck, was created king of Württemberg by Napoleon, whereupon the royal arms were completely changed — the Württemberg stags' horns

thenceforth empaled the Hohenstaufen lions. There is no Hohenstaufen blood in the family, but the counts of Württemberg obtained the lands and seat of the Hohenstaufens as well as the land and seat of the Tecks. The Teck quartering was abandoned. The next brother to Frederick, first king, was Louis, hardly two years his junior. By his wife, Henriette, daughter of Prince Charles of Nassau-Weilburg, he left a son, Alexander, who entered the Austrian service and married the Countess Claudine of Rheday. The title of Duke of Teck was granted in 1863 to his eldest son, the present duke, whose sisters were at the same time created princesses of Teck.

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THE HEALTH LAWS OF THE BIBLE.

THE Mosaic Law prohibits all shellfish and also creeping things, including all insects and animalcules that can be discerned by the naked eye. Accordingly, the observant Jew carefully abstains from anything which has decayed or turned putrid. He must not partake of tainted milk, nor drink impure water; and we can thus understand how, oftentimes, the Jews escaped from the plague, from typhoid, and other kindred diseases. The cry during the Middle Ages was that the wells were poisoned; so they were, but the poison consisted of decayed animal matter from which the Jew kept aloof. Exodus xxii. 31 enacts that flesh that is torn must not be eaten. Leviticus xvii. 15, 16 prohibits the flesh of any animal that has died of itself. The rabbinical law requires the Jew likewise to abstain from flesh of any animal that is not killed in the prescribed way, or is found on inspection to be diseased; and the directions given in the Talmud on this point are most minute, and display a profound knowledge of physiology. An animal, the lungs of which are in any way affected by tubercles, has always been by Jews considered unfit for food. But it is only quite recently that the danger of eating the flesh of cattle suffering from pleuro-pneumonia has been generally admitted. In corroboration of this point, I would refer to the evidence of Dr. Drysdale before a medical conference at Leeds, and of Dr. Behrend, whose article in the *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1889, deserves attention. Voluminous evidence also on this point was

furnished at the International Congress of Hygiene held recently.

The Jewish law enforces strict examination of the lungs in the case of cattle; but, strangely enough, dispenses with it in the case of poultry, hitherto deemed equally liable to tuberculosis. Dr. Koch, however, has pointed out to the International Medical Congress of 1890 that the tubercle cultures from fowls were a quite distinct species and innocuous to man. You are aware that, for purposes of life assurance, inquiry is invariably made into the family history and the causes of death of the near relations of the person proposing for assurance; and especially as to whether any cases of consumption have occurred in his family. My own experience, which extends over thirty years, agrees with that of numerous physicians, and I can confidently assert that Jews are remarkably free from scrofulous and tubercular complaints. It is an established fact that environment has much to do with liability to consumption. The disease can be contracted even by the inhalation of the bacilli in the sputum of a patient, so that it would be absurd to claim for the Jews absolute immunity from the malady. Copious statistics, however, go far to establish its comparative rarity among the Jews. The desire to avoid parasitic and infectious maladies, which, among the general public, is so essentially of modern growth, appears to have always dominated the hygienic laws of the Jews. Those animals are forbidden which are more particularly liable to parasites. And as it is in the blood that germs of disease circulate, an additional safeguard has been provided by the injunction which requires that even clean animals, when slaughtered, should be drained of their blood before being served for food.

Modern science, moreover, cannot but admire the wisdom of the lawgiver who, in the days of old, enjoined removal and isolation of the patient, disinfection of the clothing, and other safeguards to prevent the spread of the disease. Where contagion attached to garments, or a house was found insanitary and dangerous to health, the priest who, in olden time, acted as the Jewish physician and local sanitary authority, was empowered to enforce their destruction. The Jewish law is strong upon the point that the dead should be buried as soon as signs of putrefaction set in; and there are numerous sanitary regulations for those who come in contact with the dead. The Talmud (Baba Bathra, 25)

lays down the rule that cemeteries must be at least fifty cubits removed from the city; and extramural burial has always been a Jewish institution. The Bible is clearly adverse to cremation; but so anxious were the Jewish sages to promote the "return of the dust to the earth as it was," that they commended the burial of the corpse in loose boards, and the body being brought in direct contact with the earth; they discountenanced brick graves; and some rabbis in the East advocate the use of quicklime to promote decomposition. Deuteronomy xxii. 11 enacts: "Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woollen and linen together." Here we have the wearing of pure woollen stuff recommended by the law of Moses, three thousand years before Jaeger urges its adoption.

It is no part of my task to discuss the moral qualities of the Jew; but his temperance is an admitted fact. I doubt whether a strictly observant Jew has ever been convicted of drunkenness. Some people, however, labor under the impression that, whilst the Jew is temperate in the use of intoxicating drinks, he is an inordinately great eater. I can find no ground for such an assertion. The Jew is fond of the good things of this life, for his is a joyous religion, which does not commend undue ascetic practices. The Nazarene had to bring a sin-offering because he imposed on himself unnecessary restraints. Chapter viii. of Nehemiah describes how the people spent New Year's day, from early morning to midday in prayer and expounding the law. Then Ezra and Nehemiah said: "Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye grieved; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." At the other festivals, the Jew is distinctly commanded to rejoice, and regale those dependent on him. How, it may be asked, does the Jew maintain moderation, which with him is habitual, and not the result of a violent effort? I ascribe it to the habitual self-control which the observant Jew has to exercise, and of which I have already given instances.

The greatest act of self-control is the habitual fasting incumbent upon the Jew. By fasting, I do not mean the partaking of meagre food, but entire abstinence from meat and drink for twenty-four hours. Thus, of the Jewish Day of Atonement it is said in Leviticus xxiii. 32: "Ye shall afflict your souls from even unto even." The strictly observant Jews keep no less than six fasts in the year; so that to the Jew, abstinence becomes a kind of second nature.

I have dwelt on this subject perhaps at too great a length, but I ascribe to the habitual temperance of the Jew the fact that he becomes so readily acclimatized in all parts of the world; while it is to the lack of such self-control that the disappearance of the aborigines in America and Australia may be attributed. Self-control has to be exercised also by the Jews in their sexual relations, in compliance with the precepts contained in Leviticus. Dr. Behrend has pointed out that observance of these laws ensures procreation at a specially favorable period. In the first chapter of the Bible (Genesis i. 28) occur the words: "God said unto man, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." The pious Jew is anxious, therefore, that his children should be married at a comparatively early age. The sons of the Jews in eastern Europe marry long before they are able to gain their livelihood; and it is understood that either the father or father-in-law must maintain them until they are able to earn a competence. Where the parents cannot maintain them, marriage is not encouraged. Hence we must not be surprised that the marriage rate among Jews is less than among Christians. Early marriages among the poverty-stricken can only lead to misery; and it is to be feared that the lesson of the Talmud, that you must first build a house and earn your living before taking unto yourself a wife, is not always followed. However, the result of early marriage amongst the Jews is to diminish profligacy. The percentage of illegitimate children among them is much less than among other denominations.

